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Looking Forward

IN THE END, we suppose, every man, consciously or unconsciously, arrives at his own personal philosophy of life. Sometimes this philosophy is contained within the limits of the creed of the church in which he was brought up. Oftentimes, however, it means that he must leave the church of his childhood and seek another. More often still it may cut across all creeds and lie partly outside any single church, and partly inside a number—leaving him with no particular religious sanctuary outside his own heart.

CERTAINLY, to the thoughtful man, one of the most interesting phenomena of this generation in America is the great number of innately religious people who no longer belong to or attend any church. Are such people any longer Christians? Or are they not? What is to be the attitude of our churches toward this great body of people, some of whom are further alienated every time the church deals passionately with secular and political problems and forgets to hold aloft a spiritual torch which might act as guide to individual souls?

IT IS EASY, of course, to criticize a church for failing to instill in a man what he ought to possess or achieve for himself. But there is not much criticism in this body of which we speak. There is rather a kind of pathetic disappointment in an idea—a disappointment that does flame into criticism occasionally, but which at bottom is sad and a trifle homeless.

THE AUTHOR of the first article of our new series on the subject of personal religion—printed in this issue—is an authentic spokesman for this group. A second article—not by this writer, but by a woman who has had a quite different experience in life—will follow week after next.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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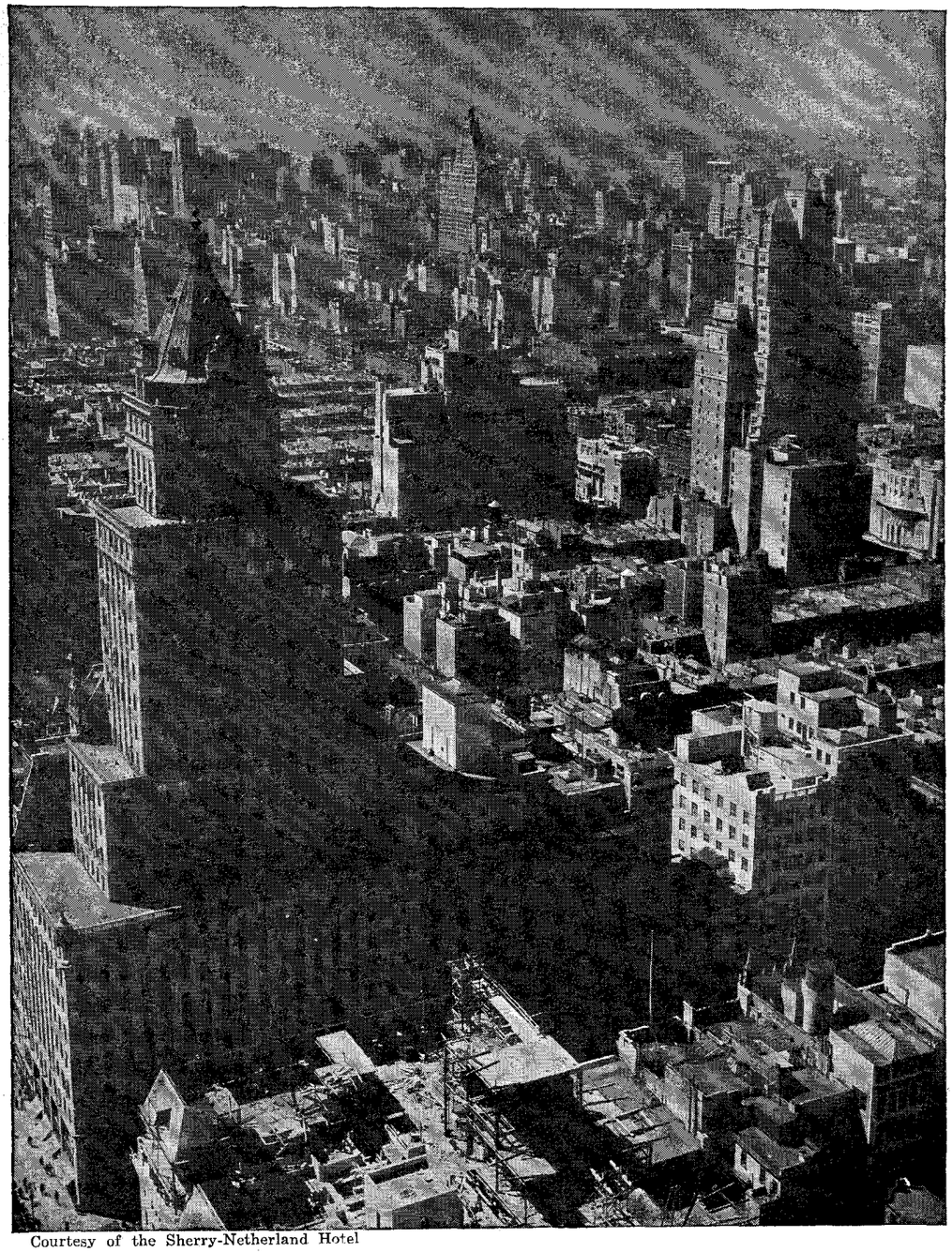

Courtesy of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel

MANHATTAN'S HANGING GARDENS

A Photograph by Charles Sheeler

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Outlook

and Independent

February 6, 1929

Insanity: Another Legal Fiction

By MILTON MacKAYE

The sophisticated criminal knows that the plea of insanity is often more effective than any other defense. Mr. MacKaye herewith presents an analysis of what lies behind this abuse of justice. But what of the defendant who is actually insane? Public opinion is becoming increasingly skeptical regarding pleas of insanity. Yet every one knows that there are cases where the plea is justifiable. These people, as well as the public at large, are entitled to protection

HAMLET lived too soon. If Hamlet, blue-serged and photographed by the tabloid press, had been brought before a modern court to account for the taking off of his royal step-parent, there would have been no later controversy to whip stuffy collegiate minds into splutters of rhetoric. That little matter of his sanity would have been settled once and for all—and promptly.

For the defense counsel it would have been as simple an assignment as bribing a District of Columbia juror. Hamlet up for murder? Two pages of a soliloquy would have provided a dozen alienists with enough material for a dozen diagnoses. They might not have agreed about anything else, but, you may be sure, they would have agreed unanimously that this fellow Hamlet was suffering from a mental aberration when he placed a knife between the King's ribs for safe-keeping. The verdict is self-evident. Not guilty because of insanity. Headlines, handshakes and a vaudeville contract.

Fifty years ago in these United States not a dozen persons out of ten thousand professed to know anything about abnormal psychology. Today every man is his own alienist. The butcher may discuss the problem of the præcox with you while he amiably slices the meat. Bootblacks and bond salesmen are being psychoanalyzed, stenographers dispose of Jung and Freud between bites of drug-store sandwiches, teamsters dispute the nature of sex psychoses and bored traveling salesmen tell each other their dreams.

Is it surprising, then, that the insanity plea should become, in a society which accepts case histories as recreational reading, the favorite shelter of intelligent scoundrels? Even lawyers may learn things in time, and the lawyers of this day have learned from experience that the insanity plea is, for their purposes, a perfect courtroom springboard. The very vagueness of insanity's definition guarantees them wide open spaces for legal acrobatics and forensic sleight-of-hand.

The result is that a murder case rarely goes to trial which does not see some effort to intrude the element of irrationality. The more motiveless the crime, the more brutal its nature, the better chance the defense attorney has of success. The facts may be undisputed, the State's evidence may be catalogued and complete, and yet, with the astute presentation of testimony from subsidized alienists, there is more than a fighting chance of victory.

THIS new ordering of things, it must be evident, has left the gates wide open for fraud and deception. In the first place, no one knows what insanity is, and, more important, no one can specify the mental responsibility of a given individual under mental stress, or determine, justly, what places him beyond the pale of legal normality.

A perfect example of this may be found in the never-bridged quarrel between medical and legal authorities. Under the law, a man must pay the penalty of his insane acts unless the delusion which prompted his crime is one which would, were the delusion a fact, justify him in what he did. Thus, if a madman were laboring under the belief that some one threatened his life, he could not be held responsible for that person's murder. But, if the delusion were that the person slandered him, he would be accountable because slander does not justify homicide.

This legal postulation, known as the Rules of McNaughton, has been steadfastly lambasted by physicians since its adoption by the British House of Lords in 1843. It requires an insane person to reason sanely, and this is a paradox in itself. Dr. Austin Flint once put the medical man's position with these few words: "I recognize no difference between insane right and insane wrong."

IF EDUCATED MEN, the doctors and lawyers, cannot agree, why should we ask reason of lay jurymen? Deluded by a half-knowledge of mental pathology and by the hypothetical and hedge-about conclusions of the alienists, resentful of the law's traditions, any jury you may summon is likely to free a cold-blooded murderer and to put upon him no more restraint than a few months' incarceration in a comfortable sanitarium.

Thus the modern criminal has profited by the knowledge that a theatrical scowl and a tantrum in the courtroom may be more efficacious than a rounded alibi.

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If, going further, it can be proved that his uncle had fits, that his father aped Napoleon, that his grandfather suffered severe headaches, and that he never eats fats, the chances are two to one that he can slice up the governor of his State and get away with it. The criminal knows it. He is a realist every time.

The insanity plea has become a farce in the United States, such an empty joke that even the sentimental American public has begun to laugh cynically whenever it is mentioned. "Not guilty because of insanity," the phrase that should have a solemn and tragic overtone, has become material for music-hall wise crack and skeptical eye winkings. Something is wrong. No one wants to take away the law's protection of the pitiful dement. And yet, unless some reasonable regulation of the insanity plea is met up with, there will be a revulsion from the present abuses that will accomplish that very unhappy end. The mending must be managed before judicial patience is tried too far.

It is not the number of individuals who seek to hide behind the insanity plea that presents the chief problem, or the fact that they may escape the law's vengeance. The sinister factor is that vicious men are being turned back upon the community. And it is there that England has the advantage over us. Most of our American criminals offer the insanity plea because our State asylums are notoriously unable to hold border-line cases in confinement. Assume that a murderer is found not guilty because of insanity; he is sent to an asylum. A year later by means of a habeas corpus he obtains a new sanity hearing. A jury found him insane; the next jury finds him sane. He walks out, a free man.

Seven or eight years ago there was a striking example of the peril of the border line case. Thomas W. Simpkins, an escaped lunatic, shot and killed Dr. James W. Markoe of New York in St. George's Church. Simpkins was a paranoiac and it is, of course, a well known fact that a paranoiac may be intelligent and reasonable on all subjects except one. He is the most deceiving and dangerous type of madman. Simpkins was suffering from an incurable mental disease and yet, because of an apparent sanity, he had been allowed to remain at large. Dr. Charles L. Dana of the New York Neurological Society spoke his mind at that time.

"The most vicious thing in our present system," he said, "is the fact that we cannot commit a paranoiac. By that I mean that the commitment of the paranoiac has become little less than a farce. For the last twenty years I have not committed one such patient. It is no use. The average American jury lets him right out."

British wheels turn differently. There were 1,223 murder trials in England from 1908 to January, 1928, and of those accused 450 were found insane—a high figure. Yet an examination of the facts is convincing evidence that virtually all of those adjudged insane were insane. In England there is, to all intents and purposes, no habeas corpus for the insane murderer. An escape from the gallows on the insanity plea implies the practical certainty of imprisonment for life. It is never made if there appears to be a gambling chance of a life sentence in prison, for in England the lifer almost inevitably is released after sixteen years.

Underwood

GEORGE REMUS

Self-styled victim of "temporary manical insanity"

Yes, England does things differently. Escape from an asylum, even in the local districts, is rare, but in Broadmoor, the dreaded State hospital for the criminal insane, it is almost a miracle. There is a bias against freeing murderers there on the ground that they have recovered. It is such a strong bias, such a settled policy, that it goes to the opposite extreme. Of the men committed there ten and fifteen years ago a certain number must, by the law of medical averages, be cured. Yet they remain at Broadmoor and will continue to remain there. At Broadmoor, the patient is detained at "His Majesty's pleasure," and His Majesty's pleasure, as you rightly imagine, is undisturbed and long.

WHAT A CONTRAST is the case of Harry K. Thaw in our own country! For eighteen years he was in and out of the courts and in and out of the asylums until he emerged, a free man, from a Philadelphia hospital in 1924. Harry K. Thaw, gone gray and old, is only a name to many young persons now, but it was his sorry history which first aroused thinking men to a realization of the capacity for abuses inherent in the credulity of juries and the venality of professional defense alienists. It is my intention to chronicle here interesting, if unsavory, cases of recent years and what could be a more proper starting point than the Thaw imbroglio which gave the first important evidences of what a million-dollar defense fund can accomplish?

When in 1906 the clamor of gunfire sounded above the stringed orchestra that played on Madison Square Garden roof, there was ample evidence that Thaw was a psychopathic personality. The wild-eyed and tremendously wealthy young man from Pittsburgh had killed Stanford White, America's most famous architect, and he gave two explanations for his act. The first was that White had "bought" Thaw's wife (Evelyn Nesbit) when she was a very young girl, and the second, so implausible as to be ridiculous, was that White was the head of a syndicate of rich men who had as their objective, their agreed objective, the deflowering of virgins and the despoiling of American womanhood. At his first sensational trial the jury disagreed. At the second he was found not guilty because of insanity and committed to Matteawan, New York's hospital for the criminal insane.

There followed many years of litigation, unnumbered sanity tests, desperate efforts to make him a free man. Eventually the controversy (it lasted four years) simmered down to a debate on this point: Was Thaw suffering from paranoia or manic depressive insanity? Manic depressive insanity is curable.

Finally, in 1912, Thaw was committed to Matteawan. Three years later he escaped to Canada, was brought back and tried for conspiracy. He was acquitted and lay jurors at that time expressed the unofficial opinion that he was sane. In 1916 the question of his sanity was brought up before another

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jury on a habeas corpus proceeding and he was given his freedom.

Stock in trial by jury dropped precipitately shortly after. Just five months later Thaw was arrested charged with horsewhipping a boy. He escaped from his New York hotel and was found a few weeks later in West Philadelphia with his wrists and throat cut. He had attempted suicide. That was in January, 1917. Pennsylvania authorities at once clapped him into an insane asylum where he remained until his final release in 1924.

I have spoken earlier of the faith which the lassoed American criminal of today now rests in a good, showmanlike case of insanity and perhaps no better examples could be found than the histories of those eminent rogues, Dan Graham and Russell Scott.

Dan Graham, you may remember, was know as the "Cop Adonis." He was a New York policeman of highly respectable family who betrayed and killed the man he had been detailed to guard. The motive was robbery. Judson Frost was the paymaster for a large building concern, and the $4,000 payroll he carried meant more to Dan Graham than the trusting friendship the other man had given him. Graham murdered Pratt in his motor car, but, by a rather handsome bit of detective work, he was arrested forty-eight hours after the crime.

GRAHAM engaged two good criminal lawyers to represent him and then studied his own case. It looked bad. Graham, an $1,800 a year patrolman, had spent $2,000 within two days after the murder. No one was surprised when, little more than a week after his arrest, he amended a plea of not guilty to not guilty because of insanity. The late Leonard Snitkin, chief of defense counsel, confided to newspaper reporters that he was convinced Graham was suffering from dementia præcox, and described an interview during which Graham had complained that people were making faces at him and that thousands of insects were crawling over his body. It seemed a rather flimsy defense, but, when Graham was brought in to plead, the fact was at once evident that he had leaped wholeheartedly into his new rôle. He looked, as one newspaper put it, like a "Sunday magazine lunatic." Graham had been known as a dandy; now the black hair that had been so smart and plastic stood up in weird tufts. He had not shaved. His clothes were wrinkled and soiled. Standing at the bar he looked at the judge through glazed eyes, his lips moving constantly as though in inaudible speech.

Six alienists were named to examine Graham and they did examine him—three for the State and three for the defense. The period of inquiry lasted three weeks and then it was revealed that Graham's insanity was a matter for the dramatic critic rather than the physicians. He had been shamming. A few hours after the official report on his mental state, Graham gave up his pose. He walked disgustedly into the Tombs barbershop. "Shave and a hair-cut," he said. Graham later was found guilty and executed.

THE virtuosity of Russell Scott was another matter of discussion a few years ago. If you care for romantics in bandits, Russell Scott is your man. An actor at twenty, he was a millionaire at thirty and head of a $20,000,000 corporation organized to construct a bridge from Windsor, Canada, to Detroit. A year later, Russell Scott was a cheap hold-up man robbing drug stores in Chicago's Loop. The bridge venture had bankrupted him and in the months after the crash Scott and his brother Robert coasted precipitately into crime. Russell had been successively a confidence man, a bootlegger and a drug peddler. Convicted of murdering a clerk during a small robbery and sentenced to death, Scott three times won a reprieve—twice on questions of his sanity. Funds were raised by clubwomen for his defense; all the syrupy tenderness that envelopes a good looking murderer was in evidence. And Scott was good looking. After Governor Len Small had given him his first reprieve a rag-tag sheriff's jury found Scott insane and sent him to the State asylum. For six months it looked as if Scott's pantomimic talents had beaten the gallows. But evidently the man, deluded anyway as he was by his own ego, found it too great a task to act irrational at all times. Six months after his admission, alienists at the institution announced that Scott had duped the State and had never been other than sane. It was two years before Scott went to his death, and even then he cheated the law's vengeance. He hanged himself with a leather gift belt in his prison cell.

Thus far the histories recorded here have argued, by inference at least, the futility of a lay jury's determining a man's mental stability. In any dispassionate discussion in this connection it would be markedly unfair to omit mention of one fantastic and amusing *cause célèbre* involving insanity. It was the remarkable court career of Joseph G. Robin, the histrionic gentleman who in 1911 perpetrated one of the greatest and most triumphant frauds in medical annals.

Robin was in himself a remarkable person. A brilliant and resourceful Russian Jew, he hauled himself up the ladder of New York success from street corner bootblack to prominent banker and then, with cruel blows, cut himself away from his Jewish parents and his past. He was no mere money-grabber. In his persistent climb he neglected neither the arts nor a liberal education. He became an accomplished linguist, speaking five languages, and could discuss intelligently with you the literature of any nation. He knew men and he knew industrialism, and he was possessed of a sharp and cynical wit.

Conscienceless, but supremely an egotist, Robin early determined for himself the short-sightedness of petty dishonesty. After a briefly checkered career in his young days, he realistically associated himself with a thoroughly respectable firm and proceeded to build a reputation for trustworthiness and industrial foresight. It was this which eventually, when he went out for himself, put him in a position for homeric larceny. If his plans had been successful, if it had not been for the boot of circumstance, Robin would have made his pile, slipped back into the channel of ethical dealing and today, no doubt, he would have been one of the overtowering figures of the financial world.

BUT bad luck came. The Northern Bank, his New York property, collapsed, and carried with it the Washington Savings Bank and the Carnegie Trust Company. Overnight Robin was charged with the larceny of $300,000 and the wrecking of three financial institutions. He acted quickly. Under his sister's direction he went before a Supreme Court Justice and on the advice of two doctors was committed to Central Valley sanitarium as insane.

It was this sister who was the guiding light in the subsequent drama. She had come up the ladder with her brother; she had educated herself and completed a medical course as an interne at the City Insane Hospital on Ward's Island. Dr. Louise G. Robin-

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ovitch, (her brother had been successively Robinovitch, Robinson and Robin), at the time of the banks' collapse was editor of the "Journal of Mental Pathology" and prominent as a neurologist.

Robin was refused harbor at Central Valley. Later he was indicted and pleaded not guilty because of insanity. The court at once named six alienists to examine Robin, three for the defense and three for the State. Still other eminent alienists were brought into the case later, and when a special jury at length was convened before Judge Swann, the testimony of ten of the greatest psychiatrists in the country was ready for the talesmen's guidance. William Travers Jerome, who prosecuted Thaw, was Robin's attorney. Charles E. Whitman, later Governor of New York, was the District Attorney.

These great experts, State and defense, were heard: Dr. Austin Flint, then consulting physician to Bellevue and Manhattan State Hospitals; Dr. Smith Ely Jellife; Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, Dr. Charles Dana, Dr. William Mabon, Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, Dr. William A. White, (head of St. Elizabeth's, the Federal insane hospital at Washington, D. C.), Dr. Max Schlapp and Dr. H. Valentine Wildman. There was, in addition, Robin's sister. With astonishing unanimity and positiveness, every one of them agreed that Robin was insane—that he was a paranoiac, suffering from delusions of persecution and delusions of grandeur.

WHAT was the result? Ignoring all of the scientific testimony, the lay jury found that Robin was sane and should stand trial. Judge Swann defied the gods and complimented the jurors on their decision. A tremendous outcry arose at once. The New York Academy of Medicine held a mass meeting which the outraged Mr. Jerome addressed. He courted a contempt citation by denouncing the jury and by characterizing Swann as a "half-baked Tammany judge, holding office by the grace of Charlie Murphy."

And now for the dénouement and the Jovian laughter that greeted it throughout the nation. Robin suddenly threw off his mask, and, to the dismay of Mr. Jerome and the alienists, confessed that he had been shamming insanity all the time. The jury was right and the experts were wrong. His brilliant masquerade was shamelessly revealed. Then he pleaded guilty to larceny.

The dunce is always glad when the educated man is discredited. It reestablishes his own faith in himself; it confirms his natural suspicion of learning and bolsters him again in his bravely desperate belief that all men are equal. One of the most dangerous superstitions of the masses is that "common sense" is the best guide to any problem's solution. America in particular has made a god of this rude justice, a justice which is based primarily on the idea that there is a simple answer for everything. Well, there isn't. The world is intricately made and its intricate problems require intricate solutions. Common sense is wrong as often as it is right. Fifty years ago it was common sense to sleep with your windows closed. One hundred years ago it was common sense to bleed a sick man. Three hundred years ago it was common sense to believe that a madman was bewitched.

The Robin case, flattering as it did the wisdom and sturdy virtues of the man in the street, restored once more the public's trust in the divine infallibility of the jury system. The world was safe. The alienists, trapped in their own mazes, might be fooled, but the combined common sense of twelve good men and true was the public's firm protection.

There is still this stubborn belief to contend with in any consideration of the insanity plea, but the confidence of the public in jury determination of legal responsibility that followed on the Robin fiasco probably will never be matched again. It took still another case to reveal on what a shaky and slender rock this confidence was built. It was the trial of George Remus, one time millionaire bootlegger, for the murder of his wife.

REMUS had been a familiar figure in the evening extras for a number of years. A former Chicago lawyer, known there as "weeping, crying Remus," because of his court emotionalism, he evolved a novel plan for getting whiskey out of bond, and subsequently with headquarters in Cincinnati, made a fortune out of wholesale bootlegging. But despite the fact that he spent $2,000,000 in a two-year defense of his associates and himself, after the smashing of his trade, Remus went to Atlanta prison in 1923.

It was almost two years after his release that Remus killed the wife who had begun divorce proceedings against him while he was in prison. He shot her down in a Cincinnati public park while his step-daughter looked on. And then, without further ado, he gave himself up.

Remus killed his wife on October 5, 1927. On October 15 he amended a plea of not guilty to not guilty because of insanity. The case went to trial on November 14. Remus was his own defense attorney, and he obtained Charles Elston, brilliant young Cincinnati criminal lawyer, as his associate. Charles P. Taft, son of Chief Justice Taft, was the prosecutor. Three alienists were appointed by the court to watch the defendant.

THE alienists made their report when the State finished its case. They found that Remus "is now, and was on October 6, sane." The report, submitted in the absence of the jury, seemed to please rather than to upset Remus. His face was wreathed in smiles. The decision allowed him to continue as counsel, and while it certified his sanity at the moment, it did not prevent him from presenting testimony of lesser erudition that he had been out of his mind at the time of the unpleasant incident. And that is precisely what he began to do. The list of the Remus witnesses read like the cast of a melodrama —former United States Attorneys, rumrunners, star reporters, convicts and exconvicts, detectives, politicans, a retired Assistant Attorney-General, prohibition agents and his own beautiful daughter by his first marriage.

George Remus was offering his defense, but the fact somehow sank curiously into the background before the pressing march of sensational testimony and the vision of the defendant's lost empire of back-alley trade. The element of the macabre faded, too, in the clash of passions and histrionics in the courtroom; the fascinating spectacle of a glamorous bootlegger, himself a disbarred lawyer, fighting his own battle against the overwhelming odds of damning and undisputed evidence.

Remus did not forget that he was in the public eye. One Sunday after he began his defense he conducted church services in the Cincinnati jail while motion picture cameras clicked. Perhaps this spiritual seeking won George Remus a little help from the Mercy Seat, for the next day the court allowed him to introduce charges that Mrs. Remus had conspired with Franklin Dodge, a pro-

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Religion? None

ANONYMOUS

This is the first article of the series dealing with religion which we announced last week. The author is a well-known Eastern man of our acquaintance. The article is the outcome of his reflections while he lay in a city hospital some months ago. Although a church member for many years, he had found on entering the hospital that his answer to the regulation query, "Religion"?—meaning Catholic or Protestant—had been "None." The reasons for his reply are set forth here

A LITTLE BOY, his head against the hard back of the pew, or more comfortably resting against his father's arm or the soft black silk of his mother's dress, looks up to where heavy beams of dark wood intersect miraculous strips of light blue scattered over with silver stars. Those stars always drew my eyes. I wanted very much to be able to go high up there and touch them. It seemed to me that there I would discover something wonderful—there was in them the mystery of infinity. In the sombre walnut pew in front of me sat each Sunday an imposing figure—my grandfather. His profile, as I caught it when he turned, with the forceful aquiline nose was a little awesome. When I grew older, I came to know him as the greatest man who had ever come into my life or, I think, ever will come into it. He was the president of the university in the small city where I lived. He had been its founder, and all that it meant was his handiwork. He refused a large endowment which was offered for an engineering school, and as a young man I often heard him denounced for that refusal. He asserted that his college stood for two things, individualism and general culture, and that other ends of life could be served in other ways. In my more mature years I have not revised my estimate of my grandfather's greatness.

I do not remember the clergyman at all. I must have slept with unwavering regularity during the preaching of the sermon. There was one thing, however, which always wakened me or made me drop my eyes from the starry ceiling. That was the sound of the organ. The vibrant notes roused in me the desire to get somehow *into* that enchanting maze of gilded pipes and be a *part* of its mystery. It was to me the core of the secret of the dim church and of the solemn movements of the service. I might find *there* what I was seeking—for I knew that it all must mean *something*.

In front of the organ—which I now know to have been a small and imperfect instrument—was a wooden barrier behind which stood or sat the voluntary choir. It was led by a young man with very white skin and a large mustache. Dressed in a shiny black cutaway suit, he beat time with a wooden baton. After each hymn before taking his seat, he parted the tails of his coat with a brisk whisking motion. I heard my mother comment to my father on the impropriety of his parting his coat-tails. From that moment to the present—quite apart from a question of good taste—I have found it difficult really to like a man whom I have ever espied in the act of parting the tails of his coat. The choir leader — who was a German student working his way through the theological seminary—frequently returned with us to our house for Sunday dinner. There was for me something special about this man which has never been attained by any one I have since met. He was my first public character! I liked to watch him eat and to listen to what he had to say. His every act had a peculiar importance. It was precisely the same interest which in the minds of some people attaches to the fact that the President eats eggs for breakfast or that General Pershing uses a fork—just an *ordinary* fork—forks being thereby dignified. My first public character was a part of the church and the church was a part of him.

TALK BEGAN about building a new church. The old one was to be the Sunday school room. There was a magnificence about this gesture: the old church which had satisfied my concept of earthly splendor was to be merely for the Sunday school, which had up to that time assembled in a dreary rectangular room in the rear. My imagination could not cope with the promised glories of the new building. I could think of it only in terms of the old, many times multiplied. The thought left me breathless.

The erection of the new church presently began on ground adjacent to the old, and in course of time only rough boarding separated the two edifices. At last came the great evening—a supper in the old church, then the doors were thrown open into the new! Aglow with excitement I pushed my way in with the throng. My eyes were beatifically dazzled—instead of the plain chandeliers with their pointed yellow gas lights, which like flame-tipped crowns had dimly illumined the old—the new room was ablaze with electric lights. Immediately, however, there followed a devastating disillusionment. The room was a half circle of pink and blue plaster, the pews a curving glitter of golden oak. The rostrum rose barely and starkly against a stretch of unrelieved wall, a piteously unsheltered spot for a mortal figure. A curved barricade of the same yellow oak bellied out from one side of the rostrum. Behind this barrier lurked the baptistry, a zinc-lined tank. An arched opening broke the flat wall behind the baptistry, on which, like stage scenery, palm trees were painted. On the rear wall glimpsed through the archway was a painted river and more palms. A woman's voice beside me pronounced ecstatically, "The Jordan!" I resented the words. I already knew what it was *supposed* to be. I had been to Sunday school. I hated it, all of it, everything I saw. At the same time with all the violence of a child's emotions, I felt bitterly superior to the crowd around me. *I* knew it was ugly, with a terrible ugliness. I felt superior to the House of God! I looked up at the garish parti-colored ceiling. I had been robbed. There were no stars. The stars were gone forever.

WE WERE SITTING before the fire in our library, father, Uncle Will and I. Uncle Will was not really my uncle, but was a very old friend of my father who regularly had Sunday dinner with us. He was a trustee of another church of our denomination. "It's very hard on Deacon Colby," said Uncle Will. I learned from what they said that young Tom Colby, the deacon's son, who was president of the

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Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in Uncle Will's church, had fallen into disgrace. It had just been discovered that over a period of years he had been embezzling funds from the bank where he was cashier. My father's face was very sad. "Of course I never imagined any such thing as this of young Colby, but I understand that at meetings of the Christian Endeavor he sometimes kept on his overcoat to hide his evening clothes—then hurried away to some party. I fear he was worldly." Uncle Will shook his head. "I'm afraid he was. But," he added, "I'm told he never missed a meeting." The most solemn of the pledges of the Christian Endeavor Society was never to be absent from a meeting "unless prevented by sickness." Father and Uncle Will seemed to gather unexplained comfort from the fact that young Colby had at least not defaulted in a strictly religious sense. In fact their discussion of this case which continued on subsequent Sunday afternoons, appears to me now to have been peculiarly characteristic of a certain point of view. They seemed to feel that the young man had not been guilty of a crime in the *ordinary* sense, that he was not precisely an *evil* person, but rather that he had been subjected to a special temptation on the part of some particular devil with undiscoverable powers. The aim of this devil was against the church, and the fact that the arrow had happened to hit young Colby made the latter more an object of commiseration than blame. "Yes, he was probably worldly, Will."

WORLDLY was a term of reproach often used by people of our church. To me it had a most agreeable connotation. I secretly wanted more than anything else to be worldly too. Sitting beside father and Uncle Will and listening to them talk on those long Sunday afternoons, the picture in my mind of young Tom Colby standing before the simple folk of the Christian Endeavor hiding his delightfully worldly evening clothes under an overcoat with his pockets full of the bank's money has remained with me ever since. It was not the picture of a cringing hypocrite but that of a darkly handsome young man with the tragically dimmed luminousness of one of Milton's fallen angels.

My father was scholarly. He found great pleasure in the Greek and Latin classics, and in his private devotions always used the New Testament in Greek. He was of a generation characterized by fervid political and religious partisanship. He had been an officer in the Civil War. It was a generation which we are inclined to regard as intolerant—but its men had come through fiery experiences, they had fought for their beliefs and were willing to do so again. His friends were like him. I have seen my father order one of those friends who had disagreed with him out of the house, and then go after him and lead him back with his arm across his shoulder. I do not recall that my father, except in the height of argument when strong terms were part of the game, ever said anything derogatory of the Catholic Church or of the Democratic Party. But from the general atmosphere and from the children with whom I played, I gathered the idea that Catholics and Democrats were either outrightly dangerous, or people to be treated with contempt. I remember learning one day that a Catholic was coming to dinner. I expected to find him a creature of strange speech and aspect, or at least that there would be something that I would easily discover in him which would mark him as a man apart. Of course I was disappointed. I think that in our community our attitude might be summed up in the idea that perhaps *some* Catholics and *some* Democrats were good men.

MY MOTHER'S outward life was shaped by my father, in the way in which men of that time shaped the lives of their wives. A certain native delicacy of feeling, however, made all outward expression of personal religious sentiment very distasteful to her. I think that she was a puzzle to the other women of our church, by whom the measure of a person's grace was largely taken by the degree to which they "talked religion." Some of the women were remarkably proficient in the catch words of the faith. Such dismaying phrases as "washed in the blood of the Lamb" or just "washed" for short and "on the Rock," meaning I presume the "Rock of Ages," were developed into a patter. My mother had been somewhat of a belle before her marriage when our city was smaller. But my father admonished her to cultivate the good women of the church, and to please him she had done so. She thus drifted apart from her old friends. I knew that she secretly missed them, and I resented a system of belief which could create such an unfair situation.

In our city every one belonged to some denomination. The membership of the various sects, while outwardly effusive in their recognition of the common brotherhood of Protestant trinitarian churches, was in private by no means liberal. On occasion a Presbyterian, say, would be invited to preach in a Baptist pulpit. Such an event would be proclaimed with self-revealing trumpetings. "Right in the pulpit, what more could you ask?" The general attitude toward the communicants of other sects seemed to be "They are good people, but—" This "but" in each instance referred to some tenet or practice which was held by the others in suspicion.

THE EPISCOPALIANS were, I think, held in lowest esteem by the members of the self-styled evangelical churches, because their rituals savored to them of Rome. The Presbyterians were beyond being understood by the others because of "infant damnation," the Baptists because of "immersion," the Methodists because of "falling from grace." Indeed, I may still be regarded as in the coils of ancient prejudice, for I must admit that the virtue which may be smuggled out of the act of falling from grace is still a concept beyond my powers. The people of the various sects did not understand the others. A sense of their own superiority kept them from even trying to. The fact that a person *could* hold such alien beliefs meant that while he might grudgingly be regarded as a Christian, he was at best a sort of patched-up Christian—"a good man, but—"

Socially the Episcopalians held the leading position in the city, next came the Presbyterians, next the Baptists—fortuitously buttressed by the Baptist University and the Divinity School—and the Methodists were a poor fourth. These social differences were strengthened, and to a degree brought about, by the sumptuary restrictions imposed by certain of the churches. The Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists were all strict prohibitionists under the name of "temperance," and in the latter two churches card playing, dancing and theatre-going were forbidden. The Methodists in particular regarded dancing as sinful. They substituted kissing games and hugging on church sleigh rides.

When I was about twelve years old, I was asked to take part in a fête which was to be played in the principal theatre. I was to be a peasant in the "Pied

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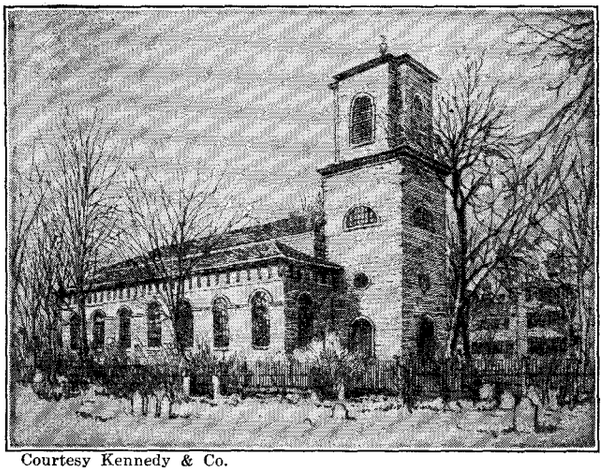
Piper of Hamlin," and as such to dance with a little girl. I was plunging into the exciting unknown. I had never been to dancing school as had the other children. It promised a touch of the delightfully worldly—I was sure. There followed two glamorous rehearsals. Soon would come the costumes and the stage! To no experience of my life have I ever looked forward with such unalloyed pleasure. I was at home one afternoon studying my lessons. The doorbell rang and the maid told me that a gentleman to see me was in the library. A formal call was something unknown to me. I went into the room filled with forebodings, thinking only of possible misdemeanors and a policeman. Seated on the sofa was our pastor. Our pastor wore a beard. "My boy," he said without preliminaries, "I am deeply grieved." My heart went cold. "I have seen your name in the papers in connection with the Marie Antoinette Fête." I had seen it too, my full name. To be sure it was at the end of a long list and in very fine print—but what a thrill it had given me. "I am sure," he went on, "that you do not *wish to* dance on the stage." For unabashed falsity, that presumption has never been equaled! But I was too awed to dispute him. "To *dance* on the *stage,*" he repeated with an emphasis that indicted me on two counts at once. He then proceeded to salve my feelings by developing the thesis that while I, the happy dweller in a Christian home, might not be irretrievably debauched by the fearful experience of dressing up like a German peasant, others could not view the spectacle without peril to their souls—and did I wish to burden my conscience with the loss of even one soul? I knew that it was all over, that my father, no matter how he might feel about it, would not go against the pastor's dictum. The pastor withdrew. I did not dance in the fête. I hated the pastor!

By the inevitable movement of circumstance, the time came when I was "converted." It was as inescapable as the progress of the seasons. But just what I was converted from or converted into remains to me as much of a mystery as it was then. I was about fourteen. Had it been *frankly* suggested that I become a member of the church, my mind would have weighed it and given an *honest* response. But it seemed that before this could take place, the metamorphosis described as my "conversion" must be conjured into being. And the stage was deftly set for it. First there came to our church a minister who held meetings just for children after school hours in the afternoon. I do not know his name. He told us that all children loved to call him Uncle Boston. So we called him Uncle Boston. He talked to us in a Santa Claus manner. At the close of one of the metings, we were all urged to "fill out a card." One was thrust into my hand. It declared that the signer was "interested in learning how to become a Christian." I was conscious of an inner resistance to the whole proceeding. But it didn't seem to me to be a very important commitment. Besides, one of Uncle Boston's helpers was bending over me. It seemed the polite thing to do. I signed my name. The wheels had begun to turn.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE

Etching by Sears Gallagher

Uncle Boston departed, but he was followed in our church by the evangelists, Doctors Wharton and Barron. Doctor Wharton was a plump, comfortable looking man, while Doctor Barron was thin and grizzled. The brightly lighted church was thronged on winter evenings. The two clergymen preached and pleaded for souls with magnetic power. I felt queer stirrings inside of me. Perhaps *that* was it. Perhaps I *was* being converted. The organ sounded, and the massed choir sang an old Moody and Sankey hymn with its impelling refrain. Doctor Wharton raised his hand. "We will sing the first stanza again, and I want all church members and all who are interested in Christianity to rise and remain standing during the singing." The entire congregation rose with a great rustling —no, there was one man who remained in his seat. He must be a cripple, I thought, or else a criminal of amazing hardihood. I felt warm and protected, standing and singing with the vast majority.

The refrain came to an end, Doctor Wharton was again speaking. "Remain standing, please. Thank you. Now, while we sing again, I ask that only church members sit down, now *only church members please.*" I was trapped! As the music rose again, the throng which had supported me sank away, leaving me pitilessly exposed. I yearned to sit down as I had never wanted to sit before—that comfortable sheltered posture of sitting which I had never really appreciated. Furtively I looked around me and saw that there were about a score of wretched *avowed* sinners like myself. I wondered bitterly how many of those who sat down had cheated; for me the trap had closed too tightly, they *knew I* wasn't a church member. At last relief was in sight, the stanza was almost over. But through the last bars the implacable voice came again. "Those who are standing will keep to their feet, and during the singing of the next verse, those who wish to give up their life of sin will please come forward. Now let no one who is standing sit down until the stanza has come to an end." Was there any one brazen enough to declare publicly that he *wanted* to continue in his shameful course? All I know is that none of us who had been dull enough to be caught had the wit to escape from its inevitable consequence. Besides I was *afraid* to sit down then. There was a jumble in my mind that it would be tantamount to a public denial of the Holy Ghost, whatever that might be, and be attended with blasting results. I walked dizzily down the aisle with the rest. I think I signed another card that night, or one was signed for me. But I remember some one checking my name off a list and muttering "Uncle Boston."

EVENTS then followed swiftly. I was "examined" by the pastor and board of deacons in the pastor's study. I knew later on that I must have passed; but by what occult powers they determined that I had moved from the thraldom of

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sin into the light of salvation was hidden from me. I wanted to ask them before they dismissed me, but I feared what it might precipitate. Furthermore, I honestly wanted to experience something, a promise of which had been held out to me, something mystic and wonderful which would come to me if I followed the prescribed course. I longed for a "sign," but like the men of old, no sign was yet given me. Maybe it would come at some subsequent stage of the programme which still loomed before me. At the next Wednesday evening prayer meeting, I was called on to "relate my experience." I rose and said in substance what I had heard others say. "I love Jesus and wish to serve him. I feel that my sins have been forgiven and that my life has changed. I wish to become a member of the church, because He commanded it and I wish to follow all His commandments." "And when did you first feel this 'change'?" asked the pastor. "At Uncle Boston's meetings," I stammered. The pastor nodded. "And when did you decide definitely to become a Christian?" "At the Wharton and Barron meetings." "Now, could you tell us who first brought you to this decision?—I mean was it Doctor Wharton or Doctor Barron?—there must have been some special moment." There certainly had been! "Doctor Wharton," I answered. The pastor nodded again. The machinery had worked unerringly. "What a dear little Christian," some one behind me murmured.

One Sunday evening a few weeks later, I stood between the palms in the baptistry. The warm water was up to my neck, I was conscious of its pressure on my body. On a level with my face flowed the painted Jordan. The organ rumbled solemnly above me. My heart leaped. Perhaps now the sign would come! Racing bubbles passed before my eyes and I choked. I felt very uncomfortable and strange, but the sign had failed me!

One of the trustees of our church was a prominent attorney named O'Farrell. Perhaps the term "prominent" is not entirely correct, though all our members were supposed *ipso facto* to be eminent in their secular affairs—if in nothing else in their almost aggressive honesty. A deacon who was a grocer had the best groceries — my mother's statements to the contrary having no weight—the coal dealer had the best coal, notwithstanding that all the coal merchants in the city bought their coal from one of two trestles. In any event all the church members had "honest goods" or did "honest work"—a factor greatly in their favor, though sometimes hard to maintain in a practical community tempted by the devil to apply the worldly tests of quality and price. It was all quite natural, therefore, that my father, seeking the services of an attorney, should employ Mr. O'Farrell. There is good reason for the trustee to be impressed on my memory. He was a very tall man, narrow-shouldered and stooped, with a fringe of yellow hair around a bald dome. Slowly all of my father's affairs drifted into his hands.

Then it suddenly happened. There were mutterings which broke into a thunderclap of reality. O'Farrell was a swindler and a defaulter. The funds which my father had entrusted to him had disappeared. O'Farrell had indulged in similar practices with other clients. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to state's prison. My father did not prosecute. It undoubtedly was not necessary, as there were a number of indictments; but I doubt if he would have done so under any circumstances. I think that the undesirable publicity to which the church was subjected was the worst thing about the whole affair to him. Though the blow had fallen on O'Farrell, he was only an instrument. It was the disgrace of the church at which the devil aimed. Publicity was what the devil was after, and who would wish to aid the devil! My father was talking to Uncle Will. "O'Farrell is a mystery to me. A good man too. He *must* have been, he was so active in church work." "Yes," Uncle Will agreed, "there is something back of all this we can't see." This catastrophe was reflected immediately in our house. We began getting along with one maid who did "general work," and there were dark periods without coal enough in the cellar and a problem of where more would come from. Due to this experience everything connected with the O'Farrell matter left its mark on our family life and had its effects on our respective feelings and beliefs.

I went to a large university. Of my pertinent experiences there, I can only say that there was compulsory chapel seven days in the week.

I returned to my native city. As I have said, every one in our city went to some church. I literally knew *no one* who did not. There was no middle course. Not to attend church was to be an atheist, and an atheist was a social outcast. In that society, even as far as material things went, he could not survive. Thus I of course went to church again. Even had the social reasons not compelled me, it would have grieved my family too deeply for me not to have done so. For my father was an inveterate attendant at church meetings. There were four each Sunday—morning service, Sunday school, Christian Endeavor Society and the evening service. The morning service was all that was regarded as *necessary* in our community, but I, to please my father, must go to all. I taught a class in the Sunday school. That too was inevitable. It belonged to the way things were. But there was not anything spiritual in my teaching, not even anything philosophical. I taught the "lesson," as one teaches history.

One day a Sunday school revivalist came to our school. He was, they informed me, a "specialist in young souls." The exercises he conducted took the place of the lesson. There was of course a strong emotional element in it all. At the end he raised his hand: "For five minutes each teacher will plead with the members of his class to give up sin and turn to a religious life. Would it not be wonderful if one of these classes could bring in a record of 100 per cent souls saved! Let me warn you," his voice became that of the severe judge, "these young souls are in your hands for this life and for *eternity*." The boys in my class were in their early teens. The wheels were being set in motion for them too. I *couldn't* do it. I had no inner fire from which their spirits could take flame. Nor could I be responsible for subjecting them to what I had gone through. Unfortunately I and my little group were well down in front directly under the eye of the "specialist." I saw him indicating me with a nod and whispering to our superintendent. Then he came down and leaned over me: "The moments are fleeting. Souls are sinking into the pit. God will not listen to your excuses." But I, poor sinner, remained obdurate, my body rigid, my head in my hands.

One of the pledges which a Christian Endeavorer took was not only to be present at every meeting, but to *take part* in every meeting "other than by singing." This last touch, added by

(*Please Turn to Page 237*)

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To Tunnel or Not to Tunnel

By T. R. YBARRA

LONDON.

THERE is an old saying, beloved of Englishmen: "Eighteen miles of blue water made England." The eighteen miles in question are the stretch of the English Channel between England and the French Coast, the nearest part of the European Continent.

They have balked every would-be Continental invader of England from the days of William the Conquerer, back in the Eleventh Century. They even balked the great Napoleon, as he stood on the cliffs of Boulogne and sighed for a favoring wind to help him conquer "perfidious Albion." They balked the German armies when they were sweeping through France in 1914 and the roar of their guns could be heard in London.

No wonder the English love that stretch of blue water; it has given England isolation but also safety; it has allowed her despite her nearness to the European Continent, to keep proudly aloof again and again from its warlike turmoil; or—when she has intervened—to do so with the enormous advantage of fighting from behind the walls of a citadel made impregnable by a moat eighteen miles wide.

But—is this barrier to be given up? Is England going to sacrifice at last her insular position, with all the great advantages it has given her, to the requirements of a mechanical age enamored of rapid means of communication?

This question has been made pertinent again by the revival of the old Channel Tunnel scheme, which first bobbed up about a century ago. And the revival is no mere empty rattling of old bones; it is sponsored by serious-minded Britons and Frenchmen who, scorning tradition, are determined not to rest until their dreams of a tunnel under the Channel, connecting England with France, become realities.

English believers in the scheme announced last month that they meant to bring the matter up in Parliament; in proof of their contention that there is a large body of opinion in England favoring the scheme they published the results of an inquiry which disclosed the fact that, of a large number of members of the British Parliament questioned, a considerable majority were in favor of having the tunnel built.

This resuscitation of the tunnel project has naturally brought a rush of ultra-conservatives clamoring that England's cherished isolation be upheld. All the old arguments are being aired anew. If the tunnel is built, it is pointed out here, England will lose her main bulwark of defense against potential Continental foes. Alarmists are shouting again the old warning that such foes, by suddenly seizing the island end of the tunnel, could pour troops through it at will and challenge the English to battle on their own soil for the first time since William the Conquerer, in 1066 A.D., pitted his Normans against the Saxons of King Harold and took from the latter country, throne and life.

TO OFFSET these points partisans of the tunnel are arraying an impressive list of benefits which would accrue from the building of the under-water connection between England and France. They sing a siren song to the traveling public. How much better, it runs, to be able to leave London or Paris in the morning, have your train dive into the tunnel, run through it for half an hour or so, emerge at the other end, land in Paris or London within, say, five hours or less from the time of starting your journey, and, after allowing several hours for doing business, to get back to your starting-point at midnight of the same day. Is this not far preferable, continue these modern sirens, to the present notoriously uncomfortable and dilatory method of travel between the French and British capitals, with its transfer from train to boat and boat to train, and the possibility—or, rather, probability!—of rough weather on the Channel with all the attendant misery which those liable to seasickness know only too well and go to any lengths to avoid? Did not Queen Victoria say that all the women of England would bless the builder of the tunnel for saving them from seasickness?

Partisans of the project also scoff at the idea that England is still isolated from the Continent. Airplane and airship have changed that, they insist; did not Zeppelins drop bombs on London during the war? Do not planes soar every day between London and Paris, quite as if England were part of the European mainland? "On the day when Bleriot flew the Channel England ceased to be an island," said a noted English writer the other day.

Advocates of the tunnel, both in England and France, are especially scornful of arguments against it based on military grounds. They laugh at the famous contention, advanced years ago by Lord Wolseley, commander in chief of the British army, that, if the tunnel were a reality, England, as a nation, could be destroyed without any warning whatever, when Europe was in a condition of profound peace.

It is significant, by the way, that almost all opposition to the tunnel, both on military grounds and for other reasons, comes from Englishmen not Frenchmen. In France approval of the project is widespread; among its sponsors is no less a military personage than Marshal Foch. The French, being accustomed to having potential foes living just across a land frontier, seem to think that just one more such foe, at the other end of an under-water tunnel, isn't worth worrying about!

Ever since 1875 a French company formed to build the tunnel has been in existence; likewise an English company. The latter men went so far, in the seventies as to do some digging into the chalk cliffs outside Dover to ascertain whether it would be feasible to construct the tunnel from there to France.

A FEW YEARS AGO the tunnel loomed up so conspicuously that Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald took cognizance of it and participated in controversies concerning it. The opinion of other eminent Britons was asked and given; there was much lively debate before the idea was again shelved. But it was certain to appear again.

Today Britons equally eminent are lining up for or against it; and—whatever the outcome of the battle may be—one thing is certain: the champions of the tunnel are advancing to the attack of the citadel of tradition with such determination and confidence that their opponents must needs mass their heaviest artillery of argument if conservatism is still to prevail and the "eighteen miles of blue" water are still to stretch inviolate between the English and French shores.

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The Trend of Events

Expectations

AS MARCH 4 approaches, curiosity in the editorial mind seems to be getting the better of partisanship and even of the disposition to give advice. If Mr. Hoover had noted Mr. Ford's methods of arousing interest in his new car before it was ready for the market and decided to pursue the same tactics to dramatize the entrance of his Administration he could hardly have done better. He has everybody guessing and expectant.

He has dropped just enough hints to put the attention of the press on the *qui vive*. This has been particularly true of the hint he has given to the press of his plan for an investigation of prohibition. The skepticism about his plan that prevailed in the anti-Hoover wet press during the campaign has almost disappeared. Some still think that an unbiased survey of so disputatious a subject is a counsel of perfection; but the view is practically unanimous that such a survey is needed and most desirable. Of course the wets believe that such a survey will show that the evils accompanying prohibition are caused by prohibition itself; while the drys are sure that it will show how misinformed the wets are; but since being assured that the Commission will be impartial and will study the law itself as well as the methods of enforcement, wets and drys are, for the time being at least, alike in their hopeful approval of Mr. Hoover.

In view of this attitude of the press it is not surprising that there is little if any discernible editorial support of Senator Harris's proposal (put into the deficiency bill by the Senate) to hand $24,000,000 over to the President for prohibition enforcement. A little while ago wet newspapers were shouting a challenge to the drys to vote a quarter of a billion dollars to enforce the Volstead Act. Now that some of the drys have put through an acceptance of that challenge—though only to the extent of one tenth—the wet press cries "Hold!" No, no; in face of a deficit there must be no such raid on the Federal Treasury. No, no; such a fund would be embarrassing to Hoover. No, no; Methodist bishops must not be allowed to rule the country. No, no; let the dry States dry up themselves. No, no; do not vote funds till the need of funds is determined by the Hoover survey. Of course there are Republican editors who discern in this exceptional prohibition fund the political play of designing Democrats who, by shifting responsibility from Congress and entrusting all this money without specific instructions to the President personally, wish to put the incoming Republican President into a hole. But there are Republican papers that take a less partisan view. It may not be wise to vote this money, they say in substance, but it would not have been possible to vote it if it were not for the public demand that prohibition be taken seriously. But in all this debate, in which wets and drys and Republicans and Democrats are in confusion, Mr. Hoover emerges unscathed.

...AND JUST THINK— WE HAD THE SPEEDOMETER UP TO 15,000,000 VOTES!
BEHEAD
NOW— DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! BESIDES, IT WASN'T HALF AS BAD AS ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT!
AL SMITH
MISS DEMOCRACY
BOLT
TO PARTY REHABILITATION

Thiele in the Columbus (Ind.) Republican

Seeing Nellie Home!

The press has been guessing, too, about Mr. Hoover's Cabinet; but, *mirabile dictu*, giving very little advice. The general view seems to be, "Hoover knows best." In fact, the deference generally shown by the press to Mr. Hoover's judgment and ability to select the best men for his associates is almost ominous. It is hard to believe that any man can be as efficient and as nearly infallible in judgment as the engineer President is expected to be. Candidate after candidate for this or that Cabinet post is trotted out, eyed critically, and then—left to Mr. Hoover. There is a veritable line-up of possible Secretaries of State, but the only conclusion definitely drawn anywhere is that the diplomatic timber of the United States is pretty sound. Everybody expects Mr. Hoover to make his selection on merit. Even the Postmaster General in the Hoover Cabinet should be not a political jobber but a big business man capable of conducting the Department's express and banking business. When has any other President-elect been held up to that standard?

Besides high standards, editors are preparing for Mr. Hoover some big problems—the reconciliation of Hoover Republicans, Regular Republicans, and "Hoovercrats;" international conciliation; inland waterways; South America; reorganizing government bureaus; the Nicaragua Canal; and—of course—prohibition.

Meantime the demand for the authorization of fifteen cruisers grows in vigor if not in volume. Ramsay MacDonald's recent comment (in the "Nation" of New York, not London) at the thought that the United States should build cruisers brings in substance the retort, Who but Ramsay MacDonald, as Labor Premier, started the cruiser building game? We need the cruisers as replacements, and we should not be stopped from building them just because a sentimentalist minority thinks we can promote international friendship by conceding cruiser superiority to Great Britain. The real discussion in the press turns on the question of setting a time limit for building the cruisers. The majority says in substance, Set a time limit and start building; we don't want a paper fleet.

Gunfire from Colonel Stewart

IN HIS FIGHT to retain his chair in the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, Colonel Robert W. Stewart has been appealing not only to the stockholders of the corporation but also to the public. He has been issuing statements to the press. It seems fair to conclude that he thus recognizes the public interest that is vested in his business.

To the stockholders his appeals have been based on the highly profitable nature of his administration. Although the Supreme Court of the United States has characterized the transaction with the Continental Trading Company in terms of severe reproach, Colonel Stewart can see in it only a deal that brought profits to the stockholders. He meets the challenge of Mr. John D.

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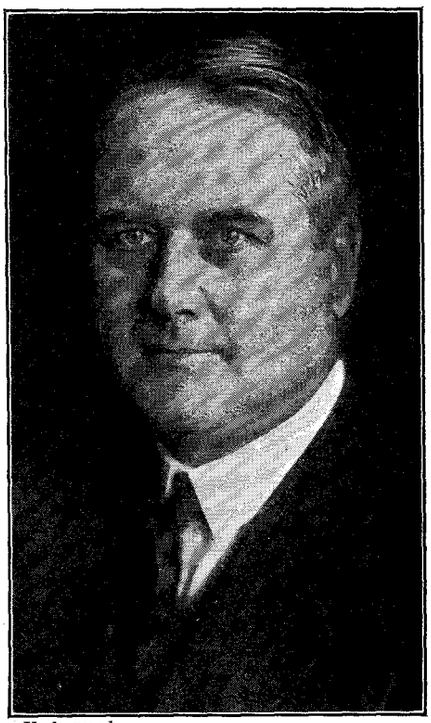

Underwood

DEFENDANT

Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, whose refusal to answer Senatorial questions in the oil investigation precipitated his struggle with Rockefeller

Rockefeller, Jr., by noting that until this issue was raised Mr. Rockefeller took little interest in the company. Colonel Stewart's war cry is "Cash Dividends!" Advertisements in Iowa newspapers state the issue as Colonel Stewart would have his stockholders understand it. They bear these words: "Colonel Stewart stood by us; let's stand by Colonel Stewart."

To the public Colonel Stewart's latest appeal, as we go to press, is an attack on Senators Nye and Norris for what he alleges is their misrepresentation of the facts. He declares that he answered every question which the Senate Committee that had him on the stand had the power to ask; that he refused to answer "two questions written out by a newspaper reporter and asked by Senator Nye," and that in his refusal he was sustained by the courts.

While he was issuing his statement, Senator Nye was attacking him on the floor of the Senate. It is evident that Senator Nye does not regard acquittal in a prosecution equivalent to moral vindication. The question which Mr. Rockefeller has raised and which the stockholders will answer is not whether Colonel Stewart was "law honest."

In the controversy between Colonel Stewart and Mr. Rockefeller even the material interests of the stockholders do not rest all on one side; for the decision of the stockholders may do much to influence the attitude of the public in the future toward great corporations.

▸▸*The Senate Against Secrecy*

THE AVERAGE citizen will, perhaps, be content if the Senate's demand for less secrecy in handling large refunds leads to a simplification of the income tax laws.

If "an ordinary Senator cannot make out his income tax return," as Senator Robinson says, is it any wonder that great corporations and individual tax payers have trouble in rendering unto Uncle Sam his due? There may be ground for criticism of Secretary Mellon, but, in these Senators' opinion, the basic difficulty is a complex and conflicting set of tax laws.

The facts, however, have convinced many members of Congress that the boasted efficiency of the Treasury Department does not extend to the Internal Revenue Bureau. During twelve years the refunds, including those already made and those for which additional appropriations have been asked, total nearly $1,140,000,000. Senator McKellar maintains that the total of refunds will eventually reach $3,506,000,000 or only $400,000,000 less than the amount of back taxes collected. And $400,000,000 is what the army of collectors maintained for this purpose has cost. Seen in this light, the question of secrecy involved in handling such tremendous sums of public monies appears to be only part of the problem.

Some of the returned payments found their way back to the taxpayers as a result of court decisions, and some because of excessive "jeopardy assessments" to prevent operation of the statute of limitations. Many Senators also attribute the size of the total to Mellon's reputed sympathetic attitude toward "big business." The United States Steel Corporation's 1917 payment, for example, was audited upwards three times in the Wilson Administration; but during the Mellon régime it was re-audited five times and always downward.

Because of the tendency of great corporations to file claims for refunds before the United States Board of Tax Appeals, Senator McKellar's original plan to vest all authority in the Tax Board found little favor, even among those who approved his general idea. Though this solution would provide the desired publicity, the crowded condition of the Board's calendar would prevent speedy settlements and would pile up interest charges like those paid to the Steel Corporation. So the Senate, aiming chiefly at the secrecy in which its own laws surround these settlements, adopted a modified amendment providing that no refunds over $10,000 shall be paid out "except upon hearings before any committee or officer in the department conducting the same, which hearings shall be open to the public, and the decision shall be a public document."

The debate had another important effect in that many Senators are now convinced the secrecy provision of the ordinary income tax laws ought to be repealed.

▸▸*The Senate for Secrecy*

IN ITS ATTITUDE toward a violation of its own rules of secrecy, however, the Senate shows considerable inconsistency. It threatened severe punishment for a press association reporter who obtained and published its vote on the confirmation of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior. Following

Underwood

PROSECUTOR

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who charges that Colonel Stewart has "lost the confidence of his stockholders," and is seeking enough votes to remove him

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Wide World

FIRST OF THE TEN THOUSAND TONNERS

The Salt Lake City, first of eight cruisers to be launched under the Washington Naval treaty, takes the water at the Camden, New Jersey, shipyards

its balloting in executive session, the Senate imposed secrecy on the roll call for the second time during the Coolidge Administration. The other was when it confirmed Thomas F. Woodlock for the Interstate Commerce Commission over the protests of the Ku Klux Klan. In both instances the obliging Senate acted to safeguard its sensitive members against a prying public or possible political opponents. There was, in the opinion of men like Senator Norris, no reason of state necessitating such action.

When the West roll call was published on the front page of Washington's morning papers, there were threats to deprive the offending reporter of his floor and press gallery privileges. Journalistic champions, however, pointed out that, though the Senate's rules permit expulsion of a member who violates the secrecy rule, there is no penalty for publication.

▶▶*That Lincoln Feature Again*

THE EDITOR of the "Atlantic Monthly" now frankly and honorably admits his agreement with certain critics that two of the statements in letters in "Lincoln the Lover" are irreconcilable with historic fact, and publicly withdraws the "previous expressions of absolute confidence, now shaken."

The two points that Mr. Sedgwick cannot reconcile with historical fact are: first, that Lincoln in a letter should mention "Section 40" as the name of a piece of land, whereas there could not possibly be over thirty-six sections under the Federal system of surveying public lands, which existed then and exists now; secondly, that in the same letter he talked of people going to "some place in Kansas," whereas there was no territory or well-known region of that name at that time.

It is beyond question also that other criticisms have at least enough semblance of being in contradiction to fact that even though Mr. Sedgwick, the editor, thinks they are capable of explanation, the "Lincoln feature" at the moment is under a cloud.

The question arises why the scrutiny which the letters and documents, as we were told by the "Atlantic," underwent before publication, did not disclose some of these weak points. We believe not a single recognized hand-writing expert was quoted in the story of the find as saying that the hand-writing was Lincoln's, and there was a wide difference of opinion among authorities as to the Lincoln of the letters corresponding in manner, degree of culture or mode of expression to the Lincoln of 1834 as shown by other evidence.

If this is true, before, not after, publication was the right time for the searching examination it is now proposed to institute. Probably a commission of literary, historical and penmanship experts to examine every document and every witness available is not possible. But nothing less, it would seem, is likely to establish the "Love Letters" as genuine in every part.

▶▶*Mexico's Ebbing Oil Revenue*

THE TIME LIMIT for validation of oil concessions under the latest reform of Mexico's petroleum law has expired, and the Mexican Ministry of Industry and Commerce announces that practically all the companies have complied with the law. Only a few concerns of minor importance which have refused to conform are likely to suffer the penalties the law provides.

The real issue now at stake appears in an editorial in the "Universal" which says: "If Mexico wishes to continue to occupy her position as a world oil producer, her Government must grant greater facilities to foreign companies. The main point in such a program would be a decrease in the taxation weighing on production and exportation. The result probably would be an immediate increase of production."

The paper then goes on to point to the increase of petroleum output in Venezuela, and to the practical standstill in operations on the part of the big companies in Mexico.

Figures published lately in the "Wall

Underwood

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

The former Senator from Alabama, prominent in Democratic Party councils, who died in Virginia last week

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Street Journal" tell an equally significant story. Production and export taxes on petroleum fell steadily, under confiscatory laws and heavy taxation, from 1922, when they were $42,990,072, to 1928 when they amounted to only $5,639,379. And it is to be remembered that Mexican labor has suffered, in loss of employment and wages, at least equally with the Mexican Government.

▸▸*Legislative Skulls*

Dr. Arthur MacDonald of Washington reveals the startling information that he has already taken anthropological measurements of one hundred members of Congress. He believes he has obtained a scientific clue to what, if anything, goes on in the mind of a Congressman.

"I had to coax them," he has admitted, "sometimes they were very shy."

Encouraged by his success in Washington, Dr. MacDonald has appealed to Governor Roosevelt of New York asking for permission to measure the heads of members of the New York State Legislature. Apparently his suggestion was received with horror at Albany and it was said on behalf of Governor Roosevelt that the legislators would never consent to such an outrage.

▸▸*Another Step Toward Monism*

What Einstein has done, if the news dispatches received from Berlin are entirely accurate, is to prove what he and most other physicists have long suspected: that Dr. Jekyll is Mr. Hyde—that under the skin of misleading appearances electromagnetism and gravitation have a common law. Both phenomena have previously been interpreted by physicists, the one for the better part of a century, the other by Einstein himself in 1915; but they could not be correlated with one another or even brought under the same rule without unwarranted unscientific forcible wrenching. Einstein's latest "plastic operation" has been performed, not in the laboratory of things but by a method of working with abstractions from things—that is, by mathematics rather than by physical experiment.

Except to the student of physics electromagnetism is likely to prove a misleading term. One is likely to think only of electromagnets, a thought which would be correct but far too inadequate to cover the concept involved. Any encyclopedia will provide a discussion of this term, which will be seen to involve strains in a medium. All supposed etheric undulations, including the waves of radio communication, heat, and visible light, are accompanied by the creation of a field—an electromagnetic field. Such a field of force, for example, surrounds a wire which carries electricity; it may also exist in free space.

Gravitation also has a field of its own, but no one could properly connect up these two fields. Merely to pronounce them connected on suspicion would not do at all—it would not be good science. They must be connected by a bridge of reason, and Einstein possesses the qualifications for the task: a profound knowledge of practical mathematics, a rare detachment from the misleading appearances of things as they merely seem, a philosophical turn of mind, an attic room with an iron door, time, and a co-operative, sympathetic wife.

It will take weeks for American scientists to obtain Einstein's actual paper and more weeks for it to "infiltrate"—for even the best scientists do not go through such things "before breakfast."

Underwood

CAPTAIN GEORGE FRIED

Master of the America and once more hero of a thrilling rescue

▸▸*Bigger Liners*

Once more after a breathing spell of a decade the competition for the largest and the fastest transatlantic liner is about to open. Early in the spring two German liners are to be ready to seize the coveted "ribbon of the Atlantic" from the British; the latter are to build a 1,050-foot liner as an answer, and it is reported that another German liner is to answer the answer with a still faster though smaller vessel. Where will it end? Can ships of indefinite length be built?

There never has been a time when a chorus of expert engineering opinion was not available to tell us that the limit of size in liners had already been reached, a statement they are always able and ready to prove by several kinds of logic and engineering mathematics. But while the experts are pronouncing, practical people go on building larger and larger ships. What experts mainly mean, and should admit, when they issue such proscriptions is that the limit of ship size—or locomotive size or suspension-bridge size—has been reached under *existing* conditions. No one would have dared say twenty years ago that the logical evolution of a few simple, undiscovered principles of efficiency and industrial economics would make the American people (and it is mainly they who travel in ships) so wealthy that it would be good business by 1929 to build such large fast ships as those announced, merely in order to gain advertising and similar advantages for the line.

▸▸*Courage and Seamanship*

"Rescue full crew Florida. Total thirty-two. Chief Officer Henry Manning in charge. Whole westerly gale. Lifeboat lost. Proceeding. Full details later."

Such was the laconic message that Captain Fried of the "America" sent by wireless to tell of another great sea

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drama. It was this same Captain Fried, then in command of the President Roosevelt, who three years ago saved the crew of the Antinoe from a similar fate. In both rescues Captain Fried and his officers and crew manifested high degrees of courage, intelligence and seamanship. The heroes of the rescue were Chief Officer Manning and those members of the crew who, at risk of their lives, manned the rescuing lifeboat.

In saving the crew of the Florida, Captain Fried depended on his radio compass to determine the exact position of the stricken vessel. The Florida was so damaged that all her navigating instruments and books had been washed overboard or destroyed save a sextant. With this the captain of the Florida was able to report sights to the America which gave the general position of his ship, but it was the radio compass which brought the two vessels together. Two vessels unequipped with the radio compasses were forced to abandon their search for the Florida.

Seamanship as well as science is still needed even in this day of steam and steel. Captain Fried's exploit comes in brilliant contrast to the circumstances that attended the loss of the Vestris.

Billboardless America

THE GENERAL FEDERATION of Women's Clubs has long been opposed to outdoor advertising and its governing board has recently reaffirmed this plank in its platform. It is prophetic of the time when the billboard will become extinct. In England as well as in the United States resistance is growing against the "uglification of the countryside."

The Outdoor Advertising Association has tried to persuade the Federation to abandon its present policy and to cooperate with them in a survey of the highways of each State to "select the scenic spots from which business should be excluded." The Federation points out that the elimination of such billboards would affect only one half of one per cent of those in existence. The Federation believes in the protection of quiet roadsides as well as the showplaces of America.

Any one who wants to know what our roadsides would look like without obstructing billboards should take a trip to the Territory of Hawaii. The Outdoor Circle of Honolulu has waged a completely successful campaign for the elimination of outdoor advertising from the Islands. To see what the elimination of billboards has done for the highways of Hawaii is to make one wish for a Carrie Nation campaign against the billboards of the mainland.

The Subway to Peace

THE SCHEME to construct a tunnel under the English Channel, between England and France, long debated and discussed, has become an active question in British politics. Prime Minister Baldwin, impelled by public opinion, has announced that the Government will review the whole question "in view of the wide public interest in the tunnel project.

"We are anxious that a very thorough consideration should be made of the economic aspects of the matter," says the Prime Minister, "in order that these may be weighed with imperial defense considerations and a decision reached on broad grounds of national policy. In view of the time required to carry the project through, we are convinced that it would be in the public interest to deal with this important question outside of a party atmosphere by agreement so that a decision of one Government may not be upset by another."

Only the English seaside resorts appear to be opposing the plan, fearing the competition of the picturesque French watering places if they are brought within easy reach by a passage beneath the dreaded rough waters of the Channel.

In France a committee for construction of a channel tunnel has been organized under the presidency of Yves Le Troquer, formerly Minister of Public Works. So the idea of joining Great Britain with the mainland of Europe seems on the way to becoming a reality.

"On the day that the tunnel is completed," asserts Jules Cambon, formerly president of the Council of Ambassadors and brother of Paul Cambon, who was French Ambassador at London for twenty-one years and founder of the French Channel Tunnel Committee, "England and France will have found the real road to peace."

Remarkable Remarks

Whoever wants to dictate to the World with a pen alone will not do it unless supported by the keen edge of the sword.—WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN.

Somehow the distinction in Christian conduct between Sunday and the rest of the week is creeping into international policies. — RAMSAY MACDONALD.

We have reached an awful time when men in politics can no longer get behind closed doors and keep their votes secret.—SENATOR DILL.

The best way to play politics is to do what is right. — GOVERNOR GARDINER.

Immortality makes death rational. —REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

Getting a man to propose these days is like getting a small boy to apologize.—HELEN ROWLAND.

If the honeymoon could be made to stretch over the years instead of being the fragile, futile concoction of moonlight and raspberries that it is, we all might have more of a break. —GILDA GRAY.

Women are all alike, only some are more alike than others.— CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND.

That Edison or Lincoln could still have been Edison or Lincoln after four years at Harvard is improbable.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The Harvard House Plan

HOW TO COMBINE the advantages of a small college with those of a great university has been a problem for which a solution is now sought in a plan developed at Harvard and made possible by the gift of Edward S. Harkness.

In the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge the problem has not arisen because each of them is composed of a group of colleges. But Harvard and Yale are developments of a single college grown to great size. Mr. Harkness, who is an alumnus of Yale and donor of large gifts to his alma mater, first approached the Yale authorities with a proposal to provide a housing plan which would reorganize the college residential groups; but Yale was not ready for the plan. Harvard, on the other hand, had been working out such a plan in theory and had developed a tutorial system for which such a plan would be ideally suitable. Mr. Harkness made his proposal to Harvard and found a cordial welcome.

When first announced it was described as a proposal for an inner college as an experiment made possible

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through the anonymous gift of $3,000,000. Now it has been revealed by President Lowell of Harvard that there is to be put into operation a comprehensive plan combining certain existing dormitories with dormitories to be built to form several residential units for the housing of undergraduates and instructors. Each residential unit will be as nearly as possible a cross-section of the college. To provide the buildings and to endow them Mr. Harkness has agreed to provide the extraordinarily large sum of $11,392,000.

The Harkness units, which will be called Houses, are something more than a physical enrichment of the university; they will constitute a great and promising social experiment in education.

▸▸Dr. Little Resigns

THE RESIGNATION of Dr. Clarence Cook Little as president of the University of Michigan may be viewed narrowly as the retirement under fire of a vigorous, frank, perhaps sometimes undiplomatic administrator whose admirable qualities proved both his strength and his weakness. But we prefer to see in it another step in the battle between the old and the new point of view in administering our great State universities.

Soon after coming to Ann Arbor Dr. Little began to arouse the strong antagonism and stanch support which characterized the three years of his administration. He advocated a "sane form" of birth control, and immediately his resignation was demanded by outraged legislators. He antagonized the strong dry element in the State by terming prohibition an "international joke." He aroused resentment among the students by strong measures against student drinking and a ban on student automobiles. Only last fall he requested that Federal agents visit Ann Arbor and stamp out bootlegging. He attacked the D. A. R. blacklist, and offended Mrs. Alfred Brousseau, president-general of the organization, who had given $115,000 to the university as a student loan fund. He aroused the powerful "landlady" element of Ann Arbor by pushing the plan for college dormitories.

All of these incidents were undoubtedly contributing causes. But the chief reasons for his resignation are to be found in differences with faculty and regents over matters of policy and administration. He refused a blanket salary raise to the faculty because he believed that merit alone should serve as the basis for boosting salaries. In turn, when he presented his scheme for a "university college" in which freshmen and sophomores should be placed on probation and admitted to full membership at the beginning of their junior year only after a special examination, a large block of the faculty opposed him. The regents, who had supported the university college, disliked his opposition to all gifts excepting those made without hampering provisions.

In all of these concerns we see the stamp of a progressive, courageous man attempting to regiment education into line with new ideas in social, scientific and administrative fields. That Dr. Little will sever his connection with the University of Michigan next September, however, we believe is less significant than the character of his successor. The regents' choice will reveal whether Dr. Little's forward-looking policies are to be continued by a man perhaps more gifted in carrying on the necessary human relationships of his office or by a reactionary.

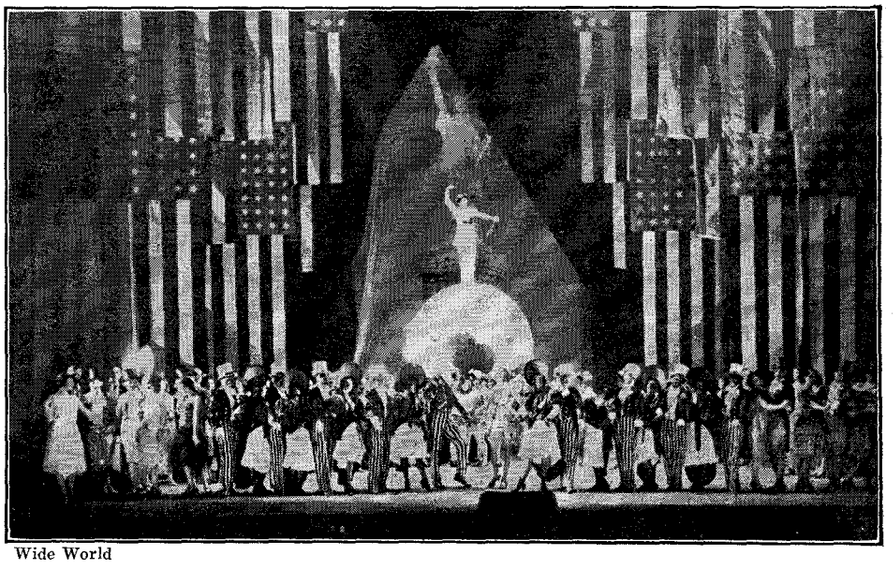
▸▸A Modern King Canute

MUSSOLINI, supreme dictator of public finance in Italy, has now set about to control private transactions as well. Henceforth, trading on the stock exchanges of his country will be subject to none of those "bearish" manipulations which are the spice of adventure to trading in other countries. Prison cells await brokers who attempt to depress Government or industrial securities. Just to show that he isn't fooling, Il Duce has already clapped three unfortunate brokers into prison for alleged attempts to force down Government bonds. Buying on margin is also forbidden in Mussolini's best possible of worlds and only certified Fascists are to be given places on bourse committees. Henceforth, Italy will be the investor's paradise—stocks may go up, but never, never down.

▸▸The Machinery of Peace

HAVING PERSUADED the world to renounce war as an instrument of national policy, Secretary Kellogg has turned with renewed vigor to confounding those critics who charge that his multilateral Pact of Paris is but an empty gesture. He has set the wheels in motion to supply machinery for settling disputes through treaties of arbitration and conciliation. Just a year ago—on February 6, 1927—Mr. Kellogg concluded with France the first of his new treaties. Since that time he has offered similar engagements to thirty-one other nations. Thirteen of these treaties have been signed and eleven have been ratified by the Senate. Before leaving office on March 4, Mr. Kellogg hopes to complete his ambitious program.

Coincident with the arbitration pacts, the Secretary is following in Mr. Bryan's footsteps and negotiating conciliation treaties. In 1914 Secretary Bryan concluded twenty-one of these pacts which provide for investigation of disputes by a commission and bind the signatories not to seek war until the



Wide World

JAZZ INVADES THE OPERA

Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" brings syncopated rhythms to New York's Metropolitan Opera House

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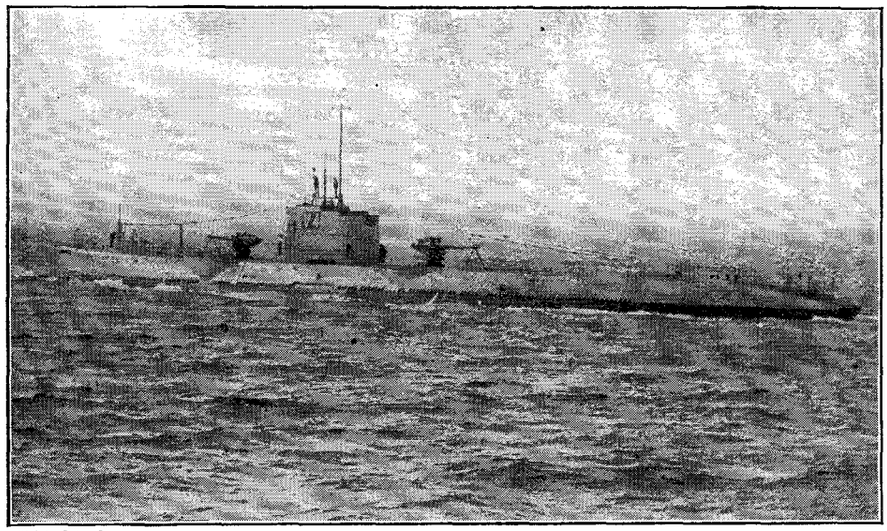

Wide World

ON THE TRIAL COURSE OFF PROVINCETOWN

The giant V-4, largest submarine in the world, which adds mine-laying to her other destructive capacities, receives her first trials

report of the commission has been examined and rejected. The investigating commission, composed of five members always on call, was the forceful point of the engagements. But a year ago, when Mr. Kellogg first became peace-conscious, he discovered that the commissions for but two of the twenty-one treaties were intact. He has been filling out the membership of the others as well as negotiating new treaties.

Mr. Kellogg has rarely been considered a "great" Secretary of State. It would be strange indeed if he should go down in history more closely connected with the establishment of permanent peace than his more conspicuous predecessors.

▶▶*China United*

NOTHING is more important for the years to come in the Far East than the fact that China, after seventeen years of internal struggle following the revolution of 1911, seems to be settling down on a basis of unity under the administration of the Nationalist Government at Nanking.

The most striking evidence of this encouraging tendency is the decision of the chief military leaders to grant the central Government control of the finances of all armed forces in the country. Hitherto each military governor has paid his own troops, by forced levies or looting, and the result has been confusion and a constant struggle for power. The new plan is the most significant step since the revolution toward the replacement of military by civil control. The Nationalist administration has the immense task of demobilizing about 1,000,000 men in the various armies, leaving a standing army of 800,000. But it will have the aid of the military leaders, who will command divisions of troops in their own areas of authority.

Other signs all point in the same direction. Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, financial expert, of Princeton University, is on his way to reorganize the Chinese financial system. With a record of achievement beginning with the reform of the Philippine currency in 1905 and continuing with similar services for Ecuador, Bolivia, Colombia, Mexico, Guatemala, South Africa, Poland and Chile, he is admirably fitted for this, the biggest job he has undertaken.

China and Japan are reported to have arrived at an agreement in negotiations on the Chinese tariff system, and are conferring on other questions outstanding between them, including the withdrawal of Japanese forces from Shantung Province.

In Manchuria, death overtook the supposedly pro-Japanese militarist, Yang Yu-ting, at a mah-jong party in the house of the governor, Chang Hsueh-liang, to which he had been invited. Chang excused himself and withdrew, and armed soldiers entered and shot Yang without warning. The "execution"—explained on the ground of a plot to overthrow Governor Chang—is taken as a political move to join Manchuria more surely with Nationalist China.

Altogether, the indications are that the rest of the world has definitely to deal with a China united for the first time since the republicans drove the Manchu dynasty from the Dragon Throne in Peking.

▶▶*Communists Divided*

NOT ONLY in Soviet Russia but throughout the world, the Communist movement is riven and torn by dissension and internal strife, and faces its most difficult period since the famine five years ago.

The struggle between Stalin and the rulers of the Soviet, on the one side, and the opposition followers of the exiled Trotsky, on the other, continues unabated in Russia. The controlling Communists lately arrested 150 Trotsky adherents, declaring that all the anti-Soviet forces in the country were rallying around the Trotsky movement and preparing for a new civil war. The captives were sent to "rigorous isolation" in an unspecified prison, for they were found to be secretly carrying out Trotsky's orders according to a carefully arranged plan.

In England, France, Germany, the United States and many other countries—even down to tiny Latvia—there are "minority" newspapers affiliated with the Trotsky opposition, side by side with the official "majority" newspapers. So the class war has turned into party war between factions, each claiming to be the true representative of the laborers and their interests. Meanwhile Communist influence abroad dwindles; and where the feud is likely to lead the movement for international revolution is not difficult to foresee.

▶▶*South American Distortions*

WILL IRWIN, who accompanied President-elect Hoover on his South American journey, points out in a series of articles for the North American Newspaper Alliance, that the Latin nations of Europe have been for years developing their intellectual contacts with South America. Professors from French and Spanish universities go, during their summer vacations, to deliver courses in the winter sessions of universities at Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Santiago.

Meanwhile, Mr. Irwin remarks, our chief intellectual contact with South America is made through the movies and sensational press dispatches. European Governments censor the press reports that emanate from their countries, whereas dispatches from the States are selected on the basis of their

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sensationalism. One can readily believe that Mr. Irwin is right when he says that through our movies we are putting our worst foot forward. Mr. Irwin properly refuses to recommend the establishment of an American censorship, but he warns us that a situation exists which needs careful study.

Perhaps as a partial off-set to our news and movies Mr. Daniel Guggenheim's gift to Chile may help. He has given $480,000 to the Government of Chile for the development of aviation. Mr. Guggenheim and his family have enormous nitrate and copper producing properties in Chile; but that does not mean that there is any string to his gift.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE REPUBLICAN OLD GUARD is not infallible in its judgment of human nature or public opinion, but we are inclined to agree with them that they have little to fear from Herbert Hoover. We understand that a great deal of the uncertainty and uneasiness of which we spoke last week has disappeared from Capitol Hill. There is now a feeling that all will be well when Mr. Hoover sits in the White House, and that premonitions of revolutionary changes in the Grand Old Party are unfounded.

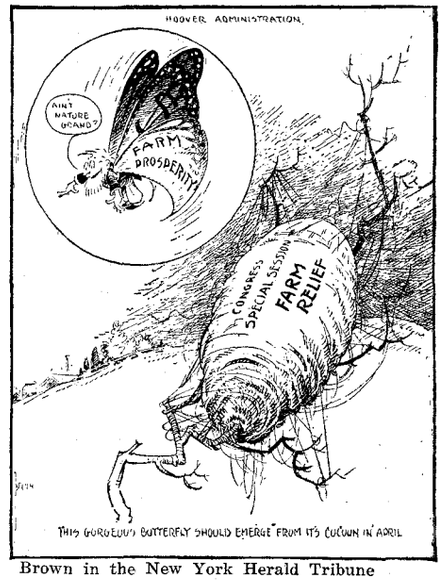
There was such a prospect, or so the Old Guard feared, but it seems to have passed. For the politicians did not wait long to teach Mr. Hoover the first commandment of politics, and he was quick to catch the point. The lesson came quite unexpectedly, at least for Mr. Hoover. But when he tried to name three dictators of New York State patronage, and made the added mistake of including a hero-worshiper unrecognized by the regular gang, the bosses decided that he must be given some schooling. So they sent Representative Bertrand H. Snell to see "the Chief" and tell him that the eighteen members of Congress from New York did not intend to let him parcel out their political domains like all Gaul, into three parts.

The mild Mr. Snell conveyed this message to the President-elect, we learn, and a few of his own. He reminded Mr. Hoover that the day would come when he might need those eighteen Republican votes, and that he would not get them unless he behaved as all good Presidents should. Now we are sure Mr. Hoover did not realize that this was, perhaps, his most momentous interview since his election. He did not sense, we are convinced, that he stood on the bank of the Rubicon, and that his next step might determine whether he or the politicians were to hold the upper hand for the next four years. Had he held by his announced arrangement, he would have sent the honorable Congressmen into conniption fits, but he would have won the battle then and there. Instead, he assured Mr. Snell that he had not intended to create any triumvirate: he promised that every last member should be consulted, and he also took sufficient pains in the reassuring process to telephone another veteran member that he and his had nothing to get excited about. Mr. Snell carried word to his incensed colleagues that "we have met the President-elect and he is ours," or words to that effect. It may be that we magnify the incident beyond its real significance, but if we do, how explain that Mr. Snell is now the hero of every Old Guardsman in both branches of Congress. And how explain the new feeling of peace and gladness on Capitol Hill, where lately there was so much anguish and apprehension?

We do not mean to imply that this forced revision of his plans forecasts a weak and submissive Hoover in the White House. It simply means that he will, for all his reported independence, recognize the regulars, and thereby keep well lubricated the machinery so essential to more important problems. Oddly enough, we see evidence that in his attitude toward Congress as a legislative body he will resemble Wilson and Roosevelt rather than Coolidge and Harding. His old habit of assuming authority is still strong. Though not yet in office, he has quietly fixed things so that the handling of five major problems will fall to him. With the simple reminder that he had promised a prohibition investigation, he induced a politically minded Senate to forego its own inquiry. By an eloquent silence he persuaded Congress to defer action on farm relief until he became President. When a hostile Senate subcommittee seemed about to turn up some nasty facts concerning National Chairman Work's administration of Indian affairs, it leaked out that Mr. Hoover favored a comprehensive investigation of this problem by a commission of conservative members of Congress. Bills for minimizing the unemployment situation sleep comfortably in committee, we are told, because Mr. Hoover has very definite ideas on this question. For the first time in years there will be no Rivers and Harbors Bill this session, largely because the committee anticipates a greatly expanded program under the next Administration. We may be wrong, but we submit that this capacity for managing men and measures will eventually compensate for Mr. Hoover's political shortcomings.

Moreover, we are agreeably surprised to hear that Mr. Hoover recognizes his limitations. We know he is on the lookout for a political adviser who will act as liaison man for him with Congress and party politicians. We learn the man under consideration is a retiring member of the House from a large Middle Western State, and that the question has been virtually settled. Characteristically, Mr. Hoover hesitates to announce the appointment, we are told, for fear it may be interpreted as an admission that he needs such advice. That would be like him! He is also fearful it may be taken as an intimation that he will seek a second term. But he need have no fear on that score. When he earnestly begged New York State leaders to prepare now to defeat Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1930 and thus remove a possible Presidential contender from the field, he let a large, ambitious cat out of the bag.

A. F. C.



Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

A page from the new political natural history

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Editorial

This Materialistic Age

MILLIONAIRES and mechanics, befurred women in their town cars, young wives dawdling in their apartments, salesmen and undergraduates, school girls and "salesladies," youth on the farms with yearning for the lights and life of the city, factory managers and lawyers and village shopkeepers—all these and sundry others seem nowadays to have one idea in common. It is on that idea that our mass production is based. It is to that idea that advertisers have learned to appeal. It is in deference to that idea that electric signs flicker on Broadway and Main Street.

Get ahead.

When Chief Justice Taft was asked recently what he regarded as the most disturbing element in our National life, he, optimist though he is, replied: "It is difficult to describe it precisely, but it may be understood when I characterize it as the materialistic philosophy which places wealth and worldly success ahead of every other consideration in life."

There is nothing new about this philosophy which the Chief Justice deplores. To the wise men of ancient Israel it was vanity of vanities and to the prophets an omen of disaster. Yet it seems to have become new again in what is called this machine civilization. When plain people in America live in comfort that princes a few generations ago never dreamed of, it is natural that the standard of living should be set by things. Once only those who could command the service of slaves could afford the habit of being served; now the mechanization of life has bred that habit in all of us.

To those who are dependent upon them slaves can become masters. Each year we are producing more than the year before. According to the Federal Reserve Board, the year 1928 surpassed every preceding year in volume of production. We must go on producing and we must go on using the things we produce. There will be more and better radios, more and faster automobiles, more of everything and everything better, and therefore the need of more income with which to buy them and more time in which to use them. While we are gaining the whole world are we losing our souls?

Apparently these slaves of ours, which supply us with more and more things and relieve us more and more from long hours of manual drudgery, are not liberating our minds. If we have automobiles, we must go out and ride in them. If we have radios, we must sit back and listen to what they deliver to us. We crowd our stadiums to see others play for us for pay. Are we to be forever feverishly active in producing, feverishly passive in everything else? Have we lost the art of what Daniel Gregory Mason calls "creative leisure?" Shall we lose the power of thinking for ourselves, of playing our own music, painting our own pictures, taking part in our own games? Shall Palm Beach become the symbol of all that is possible to the leisured rich?

In one of his "Sceptical Essays," Bertrand Russell writes: "Why do we, in fact, almost all of us, desire to increase our incomes? It may seem, at first sight, as though material goods were what we desire. But, in fact, we desire these mainly in order to impress our neighbors. . . . As things stand, admiration and respect are given to the man who seems to be rich. This is the chief reason why people wish to be rich. . . . If, by law, we all had exactly the same income, we should have to seek some other way of being superior to our neighbors, and most of our present craving for material possessions would cease."

As a matter of fact there are other reasons besides these—satisfaction of physical needs and desire for admiration—mentioned by Russell. There is, for example, the enjoyment of the exercise of power. This is something man naturally craves. It may be the power of driving an automobile up and down hills or at great speed; or it may be the erection of a great building; or it may be the sense of command over men and materials. The desire for power may be coupled with the desire for admiration, but it is quite distinct from it. There is another reason why men want material things, and that is the desire to express objectively an idea or an ideal. Mr. Russell's book could not have been printed and published without the accumulation of capital not only in the form of machines to do printing and binding but also in the form of an organization for distribution and sale. A man may have an ideal of a publishing house that would publish books expressive and promotive of freedom. In order to give that idea a bodily form of press work and sales he would have to secure a large income.

A few men of wealth today are finding in their wealth something more than a means of commanding the envy or admiration of others. They are using it not only as a means of exercising power, but also as a means of realizing their ideals and ideas. Mr. Edward Harkness conceives of an idea in education, finds that idea germinating in Harvard and uses his wealth to give that idea the bodily form of groups of buildings for the reorganization of undergraduate life. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., conceives of an idea of a great and beautiful architectural center in New York City, makes a plan, and then by use of his great wealth, obtains the land on which will be developed an American Place de l'Opéra. These men are using wealth and leisure creatively. In lesser degree this is what every one can do if he chooses. In "Harper's" for last month one man tells how he has succeeded in finding out of a limited income not only leisure but a creative use of it—"to cultivate the more essential arts of living." He tells how out of his margin beyond bare cost of living he has secured, not expensive things, but far more valuable time for swimming, sketching, conversation with friends, and the active enjoyment of art. And he tells how others out of similar margins have provided themselves with matters of real utility like the cultivation of gardens or the support of a nursery school.

These instances show that it is possible to do something else with surplus wealth than to use it in "keeping up with the Joneses."

It is not our things, but how we use them that will determine our civilization.

An age of material things does not necessitate a materialistic philosophy.

The way out of servitude to the machine is by the selective life.

The Editors

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Lucy Learns Her Africa

By LUCY HARVIE POPE

There are more things to be bagged in Africa than lions and tigers, finds our correspondent. One of them is a brand new vocabulary. From her tin-roofed house in Rhodesia, whither she has gone as secretary to the manager of a copper mine, the author sends the fourth of her articles, liberally sprinkled with dambos, rondavels, munts and chits

IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL what going to a different country will do for the vocabulary. Mine has taken a new lease on life since I arrived in the heart of Africa. I speak fluently and frequently of such things as dambos, rondavels, bush, veldt, shorts, petrol, buck, munts, lorries, Kimberley brick, chits, the Rains, soft Alecs and ticks. The last two mentioned on the list are slang expressions, soft Alec meaning that you're an easy mark, or a sap; and tick meaning that you're something in the nature of a total loss. Any one at all familiar with the species of wood tick that inhabits the Southern part of the United States will readily understand the application of the latter expression.

Bush simply means woods, veldt is a sort of prairie, and dambos are natural clearings in the bush, caused by too much of something in the soil, or too little of it in the atmosphere, I forget for the moment which. Kimberley bricks are bricks made out of anthills, lorries of course are trucks, petrol is gasoline and buck are antelope of various sorts, such as the Hartebeeste, Koodoo, Springbok, Reitbok, Duiker and Impala.

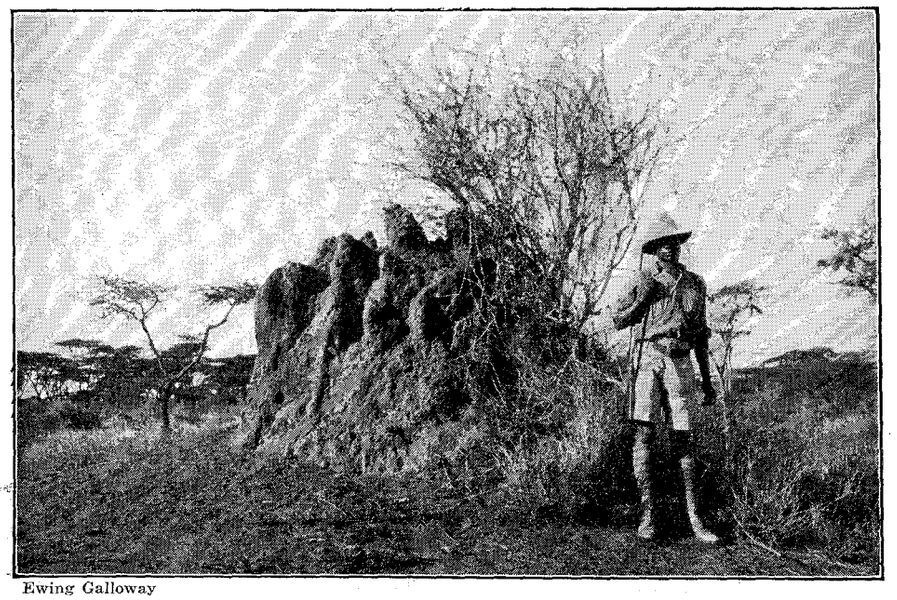
Rondavels are round, one-room houses usually constructed of Kimberley brick and having thatched roofs, in which unmarried men live. I don't know that there is any reason why you can't live in one after marriage, but there must be something about it, because apparently the first move people make after taking the fatal step is from the round to the square or oblong type of residence. The rondavels in camp are therefore known as the Single Quarters, the other shaped houses as the Married Quarters.

Shorts are long trousers that never had a chance. Made of khaki as a general rule and cut off well above the knee, they are the world's most comfortable article of clothing; and after you have, over a period of several months, looked at various styles of humanity arrayed in them, including men, women and children, they cease to strike you as particularly funny, and you accept them as one of the facts of life, like shrimp, or German measles. When a man arrives in these parts clad in knickers, he attracts about as large an open-mouthed, pop-eyed crowd as would any one bold enough to wear shorts on Fifth Avenue.

The Rains is a term used to cover the period from the first part of December until about the end of March. The rest of the year is the Dry Season. There is no autumn, winter, spring nor summer; it's simply the Rains and the Dry Season. We have had what I would call quite a strong touch of the Rains already, though people tell us that we don't know anything yet. No doubt we'll learn. A good many of the houses, including our own, are equipped with tin roofs, and when a lot of rain comes down in a practically solid sheet on a tin roof, to attempt to carry on a conversation, polite or otherwise, beneath it is simply a waste of time. It's one of those things that with the best intentions and the most powerful lungs in the world can't be done. The only noise I've ever heard that could even begin to rival it is a motorcycle going at full speed with the cut-out open through a nice narrow valley with good hard sides to magnify the sound.

The Rains have a most disconcerting way of arriving. One minute it will be a bright and shining day, without a cloud in the sky; the next minute, a deluge. I walked out to the golf course not long ago on a particularly cloudless afternoon. The course is about twenty minutes from camp. I took a look around, noticed that the sun was shining, remarked, by way of making pleasant conversation, on the beautiful weather, took out a ball and a driver, teed up and assumed what I have been led to believe by the professional who taught me is the correct stance for delivering the ball about two hundred yards down the fairway. I had just arrived at the top of the backswing when the rain also arrived, accompanied by lightning and loud claps of thunder. Don't ask me where it came from or how it got there, because I have no explanations, scientific or otherwise, to offer; I simply know that it came. When I entered the house after my ten minutes' gallop back, the floor wherever I put down my foot resembled a river. I was just about as wet as anything could be, with the possible exception of the water itself.

Not long after that the rain had



Ewing Galloway

"KIMBERLEY BRICKS"

One of the curious African anthills described by the author

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ceased, the sun was again out, and the only signs of the late downpour were in numerous deep puddles, a few fallen trees, and my golf bag, which was discovered the next morning full of water and showing no signs of leaking—a distinction not attained by my raincoat, which dried out more or less after three days, but which I don't think will ever be the same again. It took the water just about as long to go through it as it takes flour to penetrate a sieve.

That is the Rains. The Dry Season is as dry as the Rains are wet, and dust predominates. There are, however, two distinct advantages attaching to this division of the seasons; having only two to remember saves a strain on the mind in the first place. In the second, during the Dry Season you can plan picnics, outdoor dances, garden parties and so on with absolute knowledge that rain is not coming up to spoil things. On the other hand, during the Rains, you can plan picnics, outdoor dances and garden parties with the absolute knowledge that rain *is* coming up, and that if not spoiled, things will at least be fairly damp.

ANOTHER CLASS of new vocabulary concerns the game of tennis. I have become very proficient along this line. I have learned when a ball is out to say "away," when it is in to say "right." I never ask anyone any more to play tennis; the proper thing to say is, "Will you have a hit?" A dub player is known as a rabbit, and the correct form of commendation of a good shot is "played!" "well up!" or "Pretty to watch!" Sometimes you simply exclaim, "Nicely!" Whenever you find yourself with the score forty-love against you, you turn to your partner and remark: "This is a good game to win," unless your partner gets it in first, in which case the proper reply is "Carry on!"

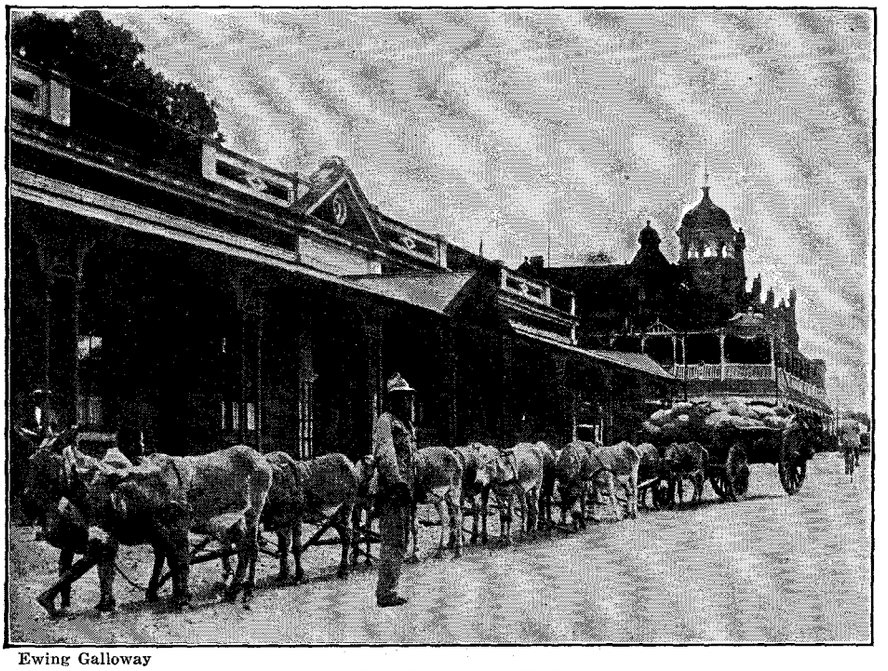
"CARRY ON," incidentally is a very useful remark; it applies in every walk of life. Unless you wish an instant and violent stop put to whatever is going on, you have simply to say, "Carry on," and all of your conversational obligations are immediately fulfilled. You have expressed pleasure, enthusiasm, approval, encouragement, cordiality—in fact all of the more social emotions, and have done your bit toward making the occasion a success, be it one in which playing tennis, following suit, hunting, eating or simply sleeping is involved.

The direct converse of "carry on" is the native word "Ikona" which, when addressed to one of the native boys in domestic service, and loosely translated, usually means "Hell, no!" Since the chances are about ten to one that whatever the lad is doing is wrong, it is an extremely apt remark a large part of the time. The "I" at the beginning is long, and the less you mean maybe when you speak, the harder you bear down on the I. Try it out yourself. You'd be surprised at the extremely forceful emphasis you can acquire in your more positive moments with this handy word.

The word "chit" in my previous experience was a term applied to a more or less fresh young person of the weaker sex; a sort of Old English flapper. Here it means note. As there are no telephones to speak of—or into—all communication is carried on by means of chits. One of the most characteristic features of the place is the swarm of black boys darting hither and yon, bearing chits from house to house—though perhaps darting is too strong a term to use; creeping would really be a far more accurate description of their mode of progress. If you want to ask some one to dinner, borrow some butter, say good morning or do a little bickering, you send out a boy with a chit. As the chits always arrive at the height of some domestic crisis, such as when you are in the midst of a bath, and as they invariably require an answer of some sort, considerable dripping and swearing is usually done before you have located the ink and a piece of paper, and succeeded in expressing yourself appropriately. Still, it's no more bothersome than the telephone can be and is really quite as efficient, since almost anyone you want to communicate with lives within easy leg distance. It may not be quite so rapid as the telephone, the speed of the boys being what it is, but at least there's no chance for misunderstanding when you send a written message and receive a written reply.

THE BLACK BEARERS of the chits are often known as "munts." Small munts are piccannins, the native word for small. I have a piccannin who caddies for me at golf; he is just about the height of one of my clubs, but he makes up in enthusiasm for what he lacks in size. Slung across his back, the bag of clubs barely clears the ground, but he gets a good grip on it and runs the entire way around the course. I hate to think of the day that must come, when with the growing population of the country and the resulting increase in golf, this little creature will inevitably learn the demeanor appropriate to following the ball, and will have to be prodded into even the most sluggish action.

After that I will no longer have a piccannin, but merely a caddy. What a price to pay for civilization!



Ewing Galloway

HEAVY TRAFFIC IN RHODESIA

A fourteen-mule team in Bulawayo, metropolis of Southern Rhodesia

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From the Life

Two Hands

By IBBY HALL

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS ago dating back from this second quarter of the Twentieth Century, a little town of southern Italy was in the hands of the Spaniards. The earth, lying warm and fertile in the splashing sunshine, bore trees and flowers in season and was untroubled. Was it owned by men and nations? Was it broken and wounded, blood-stained and betrayed for the sake of this ownership? The earth might well be untroubled. In the end she would own them all.

The sun for ages has lain sleepily on this spot of ground. The sky smiles upon it. The earth dreams of beauty. And here, a rich Spaniard dug into the dark earth, climbed into the deep blue, calling the digging and the climbing a palace, and named it all with his name. For this was what he owned.

When he rode abroad the Spaniard could see his palace like a great hand of stone and marble, with fingers clutching at heaven. He had only to close his eyes to see that other hand; the fingers of his caves and cellars reaching down through darknesses to find the secrets of the earth. Only himself knew how far that other hand stretched—how deep and crookedly it reached—what blacknesses it held within its grasp.

When he was at home the Spaniard might stride from tower to cellar, but he could not count his possessions. He could no more confine them to his brain than he could care for them with his hand. He must rely upon servants, keep watch over servants and be at the mercy of those he hired. In every circle widening from himself he lost security. His furniture, his jewels and his wines were all observed by servants. His palace walls, his flowering grounds, were coveted by strangers. Further off, the French and Austrians desired the city in which he lived. Beyond them, lay eternity. A man could rely only upon himself and the secrets of his brain.

There were times when he brooded on these things. He was troubled by the beauty of his jewels in the sunlight. He was anxious about his gold.

Through his many possessions and his need of watchfulness the Spaniard became wary and astute. Those once suspected were never seen within the palace gates again. Only those who had long proved themselves were allowed near his person. And beyond all watching and testing and sifting the Spaniard lived to himself and never trusted any one. For he had learned that those things which he would keep he must keep by the cunning of his own concealment. Even faithful men might be tempted to steal what they saw.

OF all the servants in the palace one had proved faithful above the others, and this man was kept closest to his master. Through this man whose eyes were his, whose hands and feet and brain belonged to him, the rich Spaniard doubled his strength and increased his watchfulness. He used his servant as he used himself—a simpler, more trusting, honester self. The servant, having those qualities which he himself lacked, was his other hand, and he had need of two hands to hold on to what was his.

For, with every day the French and Austrians pressed nearer to the holdings of the Spaniards. From the beginning the owner of the palace had been prepared for this. And yet when the day came which was to need these preparations he could not act too quickly. The French and Austrians were at the city's throat. Another sun might see his palace in the hands of vandals, his servants turned against him and himself a fugitive. It was necessary to work and work quickly if the priceless treasures were to be hidden away so well that even marauding soldiers, bent on plunder, could not guess their place of concealment. But the Spaniard was a man of action. The need for haste merely stimulated him to put away what he had felt for a long time should be hidden.

From unsuspected hiding places, from secretly fastened chests. the Spaniard and his faithful servant collected the treasures of the palace. Like thieves, they stole through the flickering shadows of midnight down echoing corridors, down winding stairs of stone, down into the chill of underground passages, down, down through cellars and caves to the farthest cellar of them all. There was none who knew about this last retreat except himself and this one man. There was none but this one man to help him with the lifting and carrying, the digging and concealing that must go on through the night. Together in that far and desolate place, breathing the cold, pure air of earth unknown to any but these two, they had become two strong hands that worked together—thought and muscle, contriving and fulfillment, command and obedience. Under the third step of the furthest cellar the pit was dug.

The ghostly light that trembled on the servant's digging, that shrank back from the depth and blackness of the pit, soon touched wistfully the last frightened jewel, the last dull bag of gold. It rested gently on the bent back of the servant—the back of a good servant—and touched fearfully the pile of earth that was to cover all. It rose to light the dark face of the Spaniard and fell quickly at the look uncovered there, catching sharply at wrist and dagger as it fell. And died.

The only sound in that darkness was a sigh. The rekindled light saw only the bent back of the servant bent now forever above the treasure he must eternally guard. For in that pale reviving light the earth fell quickly from the spade, blotting the red blood, as it blotted out the treasure.

The earth fell quickly and was beaten hard. There was but one man now to move the heavy step into its former place, to be both head and muscle—to right the step and clean the dagger of its blood.

OVER the fast closed pit, higher than the stair, above the vaulted cave,—like a great pendulum, the broom of greed and conquest swept back and forth with time. Above the spot where a faithful servant guarded his master's treasure, a church was built from which prayers rose easily to God.

Next door the palace, reaching not so high, still stood its ground and held its last concealment. For somewhere in its fastnesses there breathed the secret of its master. Living words, scrawled painfully in rough and awkward Latin. For four hundred years they have called from yellow parchment, "Under the third step—in my furthest wine cellar—under the body of my servant—whom I killed."

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IT IS about time, we suppose, that the latest theories advanced by science began to appear in dramatic form. Likewise, perhaps, it is inevitable that they should appeal to playwrights who are poets. Certainly, at least one of the authors of the Theatre Guild offering, "Wings Over Europe," is a poet—Robert Nichols. And, to judge from the play, his personality must be stronger than that of his collaborator, Mr. Brown. Because "Wings Over Europe" is essentially a poetic treatment of a scientific theory.

Oddly enough, the result as we viewed it the other evening at the Martin Beck Theatre is neither genuinely poetic nor convincingly scientific. The story of the play is that of a youthful scientist—idealistic and full of Tennysonian dreams about humanity—who discovers the secret of controlling the atoms or electrons which modern science tells us make up the universe: not only our own bodies but the desks and chairs and materialistic manifestations of the world. Some of these electrons merely move or whirl faster than others. Hence the possibility that some formula might exist which would enable the scientist to unscramble what might be called the scrambled eggs of the present world. Since this would amount to dissolving everything at once, or at chosen times and places, the scientist who held the key would naturally have the world and its inhabitants at his mercy.

In "Wings Over Europe" the young scientist in his studies discovers this key—or something like it: we are not well versed in science. And being a good Englishman he naturally takes it to the British Cabinet of which his uncle happens to be Premier.

At first, naturally, the Cabinet, being composed of Englishmen, doesn't believe a word of it. Being, moreover, a group of realists, and somewhat cynical, after the manner of practical politicians, they are exceedingly tender about their dignity and once they have survived the shock of having their power challenged by a youth, they have but one unanimous demand: proof. Can the boy do what he says he can do? If he can—

Well, it is pretty clear what any Cabinet of cynical persons would do in such a situation.

In the meanwhile, the boy has other ideas. And, since he is able to prove that he has this unlimited power which he claims, the thing resolves itself into a very pretty struggle between the boy on one side and the Cabinet members on the other. For the boy sees the release of humanity at hand, as the result of his discovery, and the possibility of a new world from which war and hate and striving may be banished. But the Cabinet sees a means of controlling the world by the British Empire; and views the discovery solely as a new kind of explosive. The result—considering the fundamental idea involved—ought to be a magnificent play of character against character, of two warring philosophies of life: a psychological conflict waged on the battlefield of right and wrong. The right to destroy humanity, the right to control humanity, the right to be the judge of what is good for humanity, the right to arrogate to oneself power over humanity, whether in lesser or greater degree.

The trouble is that Messrs. Nichols and Brown have not done this. Instead they have precipitated a good old-fashioned melodrama in which the youthful scientist threatens to blow up the world—including the theatre in which you are sitting—and the Cabinet ministers seek to restrain him and keep him in their power. The boy has foreseen this and has arranged to blow up the whole world anyway if the Cabinet does not come to terms with him by twelve o'clock. So the last act resolves itself into a waiting for twelve o'clock to come, with its consequent explosion. The final climax—

But we won't spoil the play for you by describing that. It is enough to say that wings over Europe are involved in it, and pistols, and groups of scientists gathering in Geneva. And the inevitable end of all melodramas arrives.

As an idea, it is interesting. As worked out in this play, it is a confused drama, which had the possibilities of containing a terrific psychological duel but which in reality only has a melodramatic appeal. Considering the reams of praise which have been written about it, we were intensely disappointed.

Evidently our poets will have to stick to poetry and let our scientists give us scientific plays—and vice versa. And perhaps this is the whole trouble with "Wings Over Europe." For the scientific mind which would have discovered such a key to the universe is not usually of the kind which concerns itself with grandiose schemes for Utopias.

In other words, we didn't believe "Wings Over Europe" at all—and no matter what ideas a play may contain, this is the first test of drama.

Our Own Theatre Guide

Caprice. GUILD. Highly intelligent and entertaining comedy of the emotions; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give almost flawless performances.

The Perfect Alibi. CHARLES HOPKINS. The perfect detective play.

Strange Interlude. JOHN GOLDEN. O'Neill's finest drama which you've all heard about by this time.

The Kingdom of God. ETHEL BARRYMORE THEATRE. Ethel Barrymore's triumph.

The Front Page. TIMES SQUARE. Humor, drama and thrills in a newspaper press room.

The Age of Innocence. EMPIRE. A complete picture of social ideas sixty years ago; and Katherine Cornell.

Street Scene. PLAYHOUSE. Realistic tragedy in a broken-down brownstone front somewhere in Manhattan.

Cyrano de Bergerac. HAMPDEN. Walter Hampden in a popular revival.

With Music

Show Boat. ZIEGFELD. Still the best in town; romance, exquisite settings and music to match.

This Year of Grace. SELWYN. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a thoroughly delightful London revue.

Three Cheers. GLOBE. Will Rogers at his best, pinch-hitting for Fred Stone.

Whoopee. NEW AMSTERDAM. Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld settings.

Under the Red Robe. SHUBERT. Stanley Weyman's book all over again with some very fair music.

Animal Crackers. 44TH STREET. The Marx Brothers as funny as ever, but not much else.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"In Old Arizona"

AS IF in answer to the prayers of this reviewer, William Fox has made a talking motion picture that gets completely away from the limitations of the stage. "In Old Arizona" is accurately titled, for it moves over wide areas of that interesting commonwealth, and never stays in one place for longer than its very colorful plot requires. One comes away from it with the sensation of having taken a personal rôle in some highly interesting doings; of having seen and heard everything that went on.

The story from which "In Old Arizona" was made, came from the pen of O. Henry, and this is perhaps the leading reason for its superiority as entertainment. It's hard to imagine a better way of translating O. Henry into terms dramatic than putting him into a talking picture. A silent picture would fall short of expressing his genius for dialogue and a stage play would fail to convey the restless, far-flung feeling he had for a changing landscape.

"In Old Arizona" opens a vista of opportunity to do justice to O. Henry and other writers, whose shades must feel, at present, that there is no justice. Seldom have we seen the particular flavor of any author so successfully captured. Much of the picture's success is due, of course, to the sterling direction of Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings and the acting of Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe. These men have steeped themselves in the O. Henry tradition to the point that they appear personally to have consulted his wishes.

Baxter, in particular, invests his rôle with an extraordinary tenderness and simplicity. All the O. Henry bandits we can remember, offhand, were of Spanish extraction; they all spoke engaging broken English and all were childlike and implacable by turns. For the way Mr. Baxter has limned these traits in the part of the Cisco Kid he cannot be too warmly praised. Edmund Lowe is as easy and as cavalierly efficient as Sergeant Micky Dunn as that worthy's creator could have wished. Dorothy Burgess (of whom we don't remember having heard before) fell considerably below the standard set by her male co-workers and also failed to convey the physical allure that seemed called for. But she handled her broken English with a commendable freedom from the shortcomings so frequently apparent in the "me good girl" school of acting, and thereby agreeably surprised this department, who was prepared for the worst in this regard.

The Movietone gives a very satisfactory account of itself, considering all the difficulties that outdoor recording must have offered. The speeches are well recorded. Only the incidental noises are faulty and lead one to the conclusion that most of them were better omitted altogether, or replaced on the sound track by studio effects, such as have been found to record better than the actual sounds do. If this were done the objection most people seem to stress in discussing the talkies would be removed. Galloping horses that sound like thunderstorms and handshakes that crack like a high explosive shell provide the traducers of this promising device with most of the material for their blatantly destructive cracks.

Just a little more of the tireless ingenuity that has made possible such fine pictures as "In Old Arizona;" just another headache or two in hitherto headacheless Hollywood—and the talking pictures can talk back at their critics and, perhaps, manage a rendition of that gratifying sound effect known as the last laugh.

GRETA GARBO AND JOHN GILBERT
Who picturize "The Green Hat," disguised for screen purposes as "A Woman of Affairs"

"A Woman of Affairs"

A GREAT EYEFULL; an aching heartfull of Greta Garbo, and, for the rest—hooey; that sizes up the screen edition of "The Green Hat" as far as this wretched department is concerned. Not John Gilbert, nor Lewis Stone, nor Douglas Fairbanks-the-slightly-younger, nor Hobart Bosworth, Dorothy Sebastian and John Mack Brown collectively or in awkward groups could save this picture from utter phoniness.

They were all there, and all tried hard, but you can't make a silk purse out of an Armenian rug-dealer any more than certain movie moguls can make a bum out of Greta Garbo. Hard as they seem to try.

Go on, we bitterly adjure you, and see this picture; we're probably all wrong about it. And if it leads you to the reflection that a great actress's best years are being smothered in a never-ending mess of tripe—write a letter about it to Louis B. Mayer. *He* won't mind.

"Marquis Preferred"

RECENT Adolphe Menjou pictures would make ideal material for those puzzles in the Saturday Kiddie-Klub Kolumns which devote themselves to such problems as finding the little Federal agent in the speakeasy or filling in the missing letters in the word L-ndb-rgh.

Save for progressive variations in the neckwear of Mr. Menjou each one is more like the one before than the one before was like the one before. There's no harm in them, and sometimes they have such eminently redeeming features as a few close-ups of Nora Lane—an uncommonly nice girl. They also present agreeable views of beds, butlers, gardenias and parquet floors, and their attempts at comical sub-titles are always inspiring in their dogged resolve to be funny, or die.

But, *nom d'un cochon* (name of a pig)! one can't go on writing reviews of them for ever, can one? At any rate we'll be *condamné* if *we* can.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

IN Liggett's we saw the B-C can opener, which we fell for heavily. It's the best inexpensive opener we ever saw. You can't cut your fingers while opening the can, and you can't cut them on the can after it's open, because this affair cuts the top out of the can, not off it. Also, you can lift the can from hot water, open it, remove the contents, and dispose of the can without ever touching it with your hands. The opener works easily and is made to last. It has an efficient bottle opener, too.

The same company that makes the opener, makes an adjustable closet bar which can be put up in about a minute, and has no screws nor nails to mar wood or plaster. You simply pull the bar out to the length required, put it in place with the rubber ends against the opposite walls, and snap down a little lever which wedges it in place. Then it's up for keeps, and so strongly that you can swing on it if you want to. It's a very useful thing in summer cottages, and isn't by any means a temporary fixture. It can also be put to many other uses—as for instance for portieres, bathroom curtains, or to screen off part of a room. Useful too during house-cleaning day, since all the clothes can be removed from the closet in less than a minute. It comes in several sizes—19 to 29 inches, 29 to 39 inches, 32 to 51 inches, 45 to 63 inches and 57 to 75 inches.

THERE'S A NEW Eveready flashlight which can be worked like an ordinary flashlight, or can be manipulated to focus the rays at a single point. As a searchlight it has a range of 200 feet. The lens ring is octagonal, so that it can't roll off a table, and there is a safety lock switch which prevents its being lighted by mistake. At one end is a ring by which it can be hung up, like a lantern.

NEW ACCESSORIES for the bathroom we hope some day to design continue appearing here and there. The latest is a waterproof wrist watch—the Oyster watch—which you may see any day you're in New York down among the crawfish in a tank in Abercrombie's window on Madison Avenue, ticking out the accurate time for a small bevy of indifferent goldfish. A swell watch for persons like ourself who frequently climb into the tub with our watch on, and then have to go out and buy a new one. Or a nice present to give your laundress on her birthday.

WE ARE IN A WAY SORRY to have used that word "swell" in the last paragraph. An anonymous carper in a letter received today took us severely to task for having used it in a description of wall-paper in a previous issue. "You are," he says, "on the downward path." Well, we don't mind that so much. It suggests that once, at least, we must have been on the heights. Nevertheless, we are a little hurt. We have always felt that the diction of this department was like a clear white gem-like flame among the smoky and lurid flares of the other pages. We have felt a pride in maintaining a standard which might perhaps serve as an example to less disciplined writers. We have striven to describe merchandise in such words as are used only by the Best People under the best circumstances, to use always *le mot juste*, the real fifty-cent word that you can't even find in the cheap desk dictionaries. And so it hurts our pride to have one of these words questioned. We maintain that the word "swell" is a good honest word, a white-collar word with a clean record. We will defend this belief against any purist, pundit or philologist, with swords, pistols or ice picks, in any place designated, at any time. We issue this as an open challenge with full knowledge of what it may entail. We will defend our use of the word "swell" to the death. It is a swell word.

SOME OF THE new tile linoleum made by Congoleum-Nairn is hard to tell from real tile. It has a nonporous finish which is easy to clean, and comes in mixed green, grey, terra cotta and black. Another new pattern in linoleum counterfeits wide planks, for use in early American interiors.

IF YOU'RE building or rebuilding we think you might be interested in a complete closet unit, ready for installation without doors, which has a section for hangers with a sliding brass rod, space for hats, nine drawers of varying depths, made of gumwood finished in walnut. The upper drawers tilt, the lower ones are on roller bearings and steel tracks. The closet is four feet by one foot eight inches.

Also a new composite wall tile that comes in sheets that can be sawed to fit around fixtures. The edges can be beveled with a plane or with sandpaper, and the joinings concealed with a special putty. It's washable, can be nailed to lath or plaster, and has corner moldings to match. It can be had in white, blue, green, buff and yellow, or to order.

IF YOU HAVE a favorite horse, dog, cat, parrot or goldfish which you wish to have immortalized on canvas, approach Abercrombie & Fitch, who will have the painting made for you by a certain Russian artist and ex-captain in the Russian Imperial Guard. And very lifelike he'll make it, too. You'll almost expect to hear the picture bark—or whinny or mew of squawk or burble.

WE DON'T KNOW why you should be particularly interested in a new method of splitting logs, but we're going to tell you about it anyway. It is done with a wedge containing, in the blade, a chamber which holds black powder. You pour in the powder, drive in the wedge, light the fuse, there is a loud bang, and the log is split. There's only one thing we don't like about it. We'd hate to take the first crack at that wedge with a maul. We'd be afraid the bang might come before we were ready.

THERE'S a water-power egg beater which can be attached to an ordinary water faucet and can be used to whip cream, make mayonnaise or for any purpose for which a beater is used.

Also for the kitchen is a bread saw, made like an ordinary hack saw, and much better than the usual knife or saw edged knife in cutting fresh bread.

And for the cellar, an ash receiver which does away with the work of shoveling ashes out of the ash pit into cans. The can is placed on a sort of elevator and lowered by means of a hand crank into the ash pit under the fire box. Shake the furnace and the ashes fall into the can, which when full is cranked up to the cellar floor.

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The College Trios at Scratch

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

IT is a distinct triumph for sheer persistence, downright expert coaching and the care and preparation of fleet mounts that the college indoor polo season finds the teams more closely matched than ever before, even better matched than other indoor teams from the same institutions. Basketball has not yet settled into its stride, which accounts for occasional upsets; nor has hockey yet reached its peak. But the galloping fraternity is tuning up teams that when they come up to the championship matches in March probably will be only two or three goals apart at the most, with the title itself, this time to be defended by Colonel Hyatt's fancy riders from the Pennsylvania Military College, hanging in all likelihood on not more than a single goal, or perhaps a couple of penalties, which amounts to the same thing.

There is, indeed, no game played indoors by the collegians whose standard so closely approaches that of the foremost amateur cavalry or riding and driving club teams. Methods, both in horsemanship and stick work, as well as combination play, which includes a study of all the tricky angles of the various arenas in which the game is played, closely approach this year the standard set by such teams as the more richly experienced Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, the New York Squadron A Class A team, and probably the Commonwealth team of Boston, which is yet to appear, as this is written, in the championship arena in Manhattan.

Indeed, the Squadron team, led by Captain George Matthews, has done excellent service by playing such consistent polo that it has served as a yardstick by which to measure the collegians. Whether this team is made up of Matthews, Jackson and Vietor, or with Bancroft at No. 3, it seems to go "all out" against any college team. This is probably due to the fact that Jackson and Bancroft, who made their outdoor reputations on a rather famous Princeton championship trio, seem to get more of a kick out of action against college players than against the clubmen. That is natural enough. Yale and P.M.C. have always been noted for their team work, while Princeton's attack is somewhat differently organized because of the presence of Arthur Borden, an outstanding star. This year the gray-shirted trio from Chester, Pennsylvania, has three experienced men in the field. Danny Jones at No. 3 is perhaps the most finished player in that position in college polo, although he has not the hitting range or the spectacular qualities of Forrester Clark, the huge Harvard player. Nicholls, now playing No. 1, was a capable substitute last year, while Bower is another member of last season's championship trio. The only loss is Whitehurst, one of the best No. 2s in the college ranks.

It was no surprise to find New York's Squadron A losing to the West Point cadets up the Hudson, and returning to defeat P.M.C. in their home armory on the same day. Riding strange mounts in the West Point riding hall, the New York cavalrymen were not at their best, which does not mean that the cadets are not building another of their very strong teams. Brandt, Beebe and Haskell make a strong cadet outfit. Beebe is likely to rank before the season is over with the best of the college No. 2's, although Borden at his best is probably the class of the lot. The evening game turned on by the Squadron was plainly their best effort of the season, for they came from behind and won in the last chukker, due to gradually improving team play, to a breaking up of the P.M.C. combination by Bancroft and Jackson, excellent feeding by Jackson and the apparently wild but keenly calculated breaking away of Matthews, whose score settled the contest. For the first part of the contest Colonel Hyatt's pupils seemed to be unbeatable. The players found their positions beautifully and the stroking was all that could be expected of champions. They were not quite up to the Squadron's pressure, however.

HARVARD is still the mystery though there should be nothing but confidence in this team once it has had a little more competition, for the Clark brothers are both formidable, and the team is as well mounted as any of them. Among the colleges there seems to be little advantage in the coaching, which, as in the case of the teams themselves, seems to be a fairly even thing. Yale, having opened a new arena, is under much less of a handicap this season than usual. The Blue is playing at home before sizeable crowds which have been educated up to the galloping game.

In the ranks of club competition there has been one remarkable feature, and that is the sudden rise of the 101st Cavalry of Brooklyn. Here is a team that seems at last to have struck the right combination of players, with Milton Kornblum, Johnny Wallace and Walter Brachtel going into action in that order. Here again the edge over the Princeton team was only a goal, but it is safe to say that in this match, which promised so much for the future of the Brooklyn trio, there was more and better polo crowded into the four periods of play than has been turned on in the big Brooklyn arena in several seasons. Wallace, it is certain, has never played a better game, and his scoring from the No. 2 position was the feature of the match. Brachtel's support, however, accounted for the victory that was gained only in an extra chukker.

THE Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club and the Squadron have things so much their own way that it is a pleasure to find a real new threat on the horizon. There are no better horsemen around New York than these Brooklyn cavalrymen, but now they have achieved almost perfect stroking and a fine combination. It was the lack of the last factor as much as anything that has kept them out of the running with the top-notchers. They have now served notice that they are right up there and mean to stay there. So far as the amateur championship is concerned it would be a mistake to forget the team of West Point officers. Any team led by Charley Gerhardt is apt to be in the championship class, and Caperton, playing back this year, is surging right up into the same class.

The championships, which this year may be played in the East for the last time for at least a year, so great is the clamor in the Middle West, promise to be the best and closest ever played. We shall see something of what the Chicago sector is doing with the game when Corpening brings along a team as he is quite likely to do before the season comes to its climax.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Grand Melodrama

Mamba's Daughters. By DU BOSE HEYWARD: Doubleday, Doran. Published February 2.

IN the novels of Du Bose Heyward, the white man finds the authentic mixture of humor, pathos and drama which he associates with the negro. In "Mamba's Daughters," Heyward has created two characters as typical and as notable as his Porgy. And the new novel equals the earlier one in humor, dramatic intensity and poetic conception.

Over the story of Mamba and her children, black and white, broods the atmosphere of the old South, but on the left rumbles the thunder of the new. It is a story of Charleston and the interplay of old and new white, old and new negro, now tender, now noble, now grotesque, now passionate. Like Porgy, Mamba lived on Catfish Row with Hagar, her giant daughter and Lissa, her grandchild. The motivation of the plot is Mamba's ambition for Lissa, and the story, too dependent upon detail and incident to be retold here, has to do with the outworking of that ambition and the way in which, at the last, Hagar's sacrifice crowned Mamba's efforts with success. Intertwined with this is the story of St. Julien Wentworth and his adjustment of the traditions of gentle birth to the demands of contemporary life. Mamba's first step for Lissa is to make herself into a white folks' negress. She selects for her family the Wentworths, the typical poor aristocrats of Southern fiction, and their efforts and the effort of Maum Netta, their negress, to evade her are unsuccessful. Through the Wentworths, Hagar is sent to work in the back-country phosphate mines, where her colossal strength is absorbed otherwise than in perpetual encounters with the police, and where her character develops in strength and nobility through a series of poignant incidents until it reaches great heights at the last.

Heyward's negro characters are all rounded and real. And in Mamba and the back-country negroes and in Grayson, the Northern negro clergyman, and the Broadens, the leading negroes of Charleston, he develops significantly the contrast between the old type negro and the new race-conscious type. His treatment of his white characters is a little over-sweet, but through them he gives a fine picture of Charleston society, the old régime and the social climbers. His humor is rich and varied; saturnine in the incident of Mamba and the judge's teeth; ironic in the descriptions of parties, at the white Atkinsons and the black Broadens, childlike in innumerable negro scenes. But the novel is primarily the story of the three black women. Mamba's story is essentially human; sad, brave, absurd, unpredictable, heartening. Lissa's story is thematic. She is youth for which age has schemed and maturity sacrificed and the burden she bears is heavy. For that reason, her character is a little pallid and unconvincing. Only once does it assume large proportions and it is thereafter marred by an extremely inept ending. (Indeed you will do yourself and Du Bose Heyward a service if in reading you skip from the middle of page 300 to the bottom of page 308, where the temptation to moralize has overcome Mr. Heyward and produced an unfortunate prose hiatus in the rhythm of timeless poetry). Hagar's story is grand melodrama and confirms this reader in the belief that Western literature has, in the negro, the only contemporary subject in the treatment of which melodrama is compatible with dignity. The new psychology has given us material for psychic melodrama, but by and large, melodrama is either comic or cheap. But in the story of Hagar where the immediacy of the negro's response to emotion is tempered by the capacity for reasoned sacrifice which is the property of the adult, there is melodrama with great dignity. Mamba, indomitable and shameless old woman, and Hagar, great tragic figure, are characters that will live in the momory of the reader of "Mamba's Daughters."

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

Peder Victorius, by O. E. Rolvaag: Harper. A fine novel of Americanization among the Norwegians of North Dakota.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman: Holt. Lovers of the great tradition in English fiction should not miss this story of a Sussex farm. Reviewed Jan. 16.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

The Wanderer, by Alain Fournier: Houghton, Mifflin. This is a moving story of a dreamer's search for perfection written in simple and beautiful prose.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. A vivid account of the voodooism, black magic and odd mixed society of Haiti. Reviewed January 9.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Hows and Whys of Human Behavior, by George A. Dorsey: Harper. And a psychologist answers a lot of questions.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic contains some of our finest contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

The Week's Reading

Expiation. By ELIZABETH, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden:" Doubleday, Doran. Published February 1.

HOLDING her pen gently but firmly, Elizabeth continues to write novels made dramatic not by external events but by the play of character upon circumstance. Her strokes are pitilessly distinct, but without malice. She is at her wittiest, most urbane and most penetrating in this story of Milly who sinned and expiated her sin. Ernest Bott died and left a thousand pounds to his wife and the rest of his large fortune to a Home for Fallen Women—

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"My wife will know why." Ominous words. Thereupon the Bott family, which was large and righteous, with two exceptions turned upon the authoress of their shame. Milly's sister, long estranged and poor, came like a vulture and flew off with the poor pickings. Her foolish middle-aged partner in sin left her for a girl. And the wages of Milly's sin were high. But in the end she paid them. Milly, fat and forty, absurd figure and absurd age, and old lady Bott, past everything but wisdom, Agatha, the sister, and a score of sharply drawn characters animate this excellent novel. Cruel, almost unbearably so, "Expiation" is, but in its bitter laughter and secret tears there is a satisfying sense of proportion. It is a pity that, in our reading, for admiration of sex made morbid, style made precious, irony made trival, form made strange and life made superficial by the raucous voices of the barkers before the tent, we should so easily forget the work of Elizabeth, in which there are none of these things.

Poems by Anne, Countess of Winchilsea. Selected and with an introductory essay by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY: Harper. Published February 1.

THE POEMS here printed have been selected and edited to the extent of having spelling and punctuation modernized by Middleton Murry who tells us in a delightful foreword that he is only doing what Wordsworth intended and was too lazy to do. The poetry of Lady Winchilsea, who was a member of the court of James II, has been available to readers only in an inconvenient scholar's edition or in the few excerpts to be found in anthologies. It will give pleasure to lovers of English verse. Written in the manner of her time, and frequently in the hexameter beloved of Pope, epigrammatic, full of gracious compliment and classical allusion, Lady Winchilsea's poetry is notable for its emotional quality in an age which preferred intellectual verse. The biographical and critical essay by Middleton Murry is interesting and charmingly written.

The Village Doctor. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH: Dutton. Published Feb. 1.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S feeling for the land, her literary charm, and her wide and ready sympathies are all that there is, in this novel, of the fine writer who created Joanna Godden. Strength, powerful characterization, dramatic intensity are lacking. Beauty of prose, poetic sensitivity, simplicity remain.

The story is of a London doctor who, having bought a village practice (perhaps in the nineties), is impelled by loneliness to court and marry the daughter of a local farmer who has been educated above her station and who is madly in love with a neighbor. The girl is practical minded (and here the author's complete understanding of her types is evident) and prefers station to love. She returns to her lover for a brief passionate interlude, but her husband's devotion and the altered quality of her lover's feelings turns her back to the paths of virtue and "society." The doctor carries the community through a typhus epidemic and all ends well. Readers who look for excitement or originality will not find it. Those who appreciate limpid prose, and who like a nature idyl, will enjoy "The Village Doctor." It fairly tastes and smells of the country.

Silver Circus. By A. E. COPPARD: Knopf. Published February 1.

THE STORIES in this collection range from the trivial, of which there is at least one, to the intensely dramatic. The short story seems increasingly to fall into one of two classes; it is a sketch, a vehicle for recording the minute observation, the mockery and the sensibility, and for displaying the poetic expression of the writer; or it is a frankly dramatic incident enshrined in prose, vivid and permanent, or not, according to the writer's skill. Stories of both types are to be found in every collection of Coppard's work. In "Silver Circus," the title story is intensely dramatic, and is fiendish nonsense as well. It is a story that makes one grin and gasp. "A Mirror for St. Luke" is the over-sensuous record of a tenuous mood. "That Fellow Tolstoy" is irony, with a sly, delicious, deft introduction. As in all of Coppard's work, gracious, easy writing and humor distinguish the book. The impression which one receives from "Silver Circus" is of Coppard as a sort of Lob-lie-by-the-fire, a slightly malicious sprite, peeping with a wry smile upon the privacy of his characters. If he weeps in secret over what he sees, his tears are faery, and do not dampen the crisp pages of his book.

The Magnificent Montmorency. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN: Dutton.

Scotland's Royal Line. By GRANT R. FRANCIS: Dutton. February 2.

"THE MAGNIFICENT MONTMORENCY" is an excellent biography of the chronicle type written in a laconic style which enhances the picturesque quality of the events recorded. It is highly readable and well enough documented to satisfy the student. The period covered is that of France during the quarrels between Marie de Medici and Richelieu for the control of Louis XIII. It was an important time, politically, because, under Richelieu, the power of the great nobles, gradually undermined since the time of Louis XI, finally collapsed; and after the Siege of La Rochelle the Hugenots ceased to be a powerful party and became merely a tolerated sect. Montmorency, the premier peer of France, a great soul,

End paper design by Harold Von Schmidt for "Mamba's Daughters," Du Bose Heyward's latest novel of Catfish Row

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a magnificent figure of a man, "to whom the hazards of war were the very breath of life," brave, amorous, generous, lived largely and died courageously. Having engaged in a rebellion against Richelieu with Gaston d'-Orleans, he was captured, tried and executed, possibly betrayed by his leader.

Montmorency's wife was that Marie Felice Orsini of whom it was said that she loved God only a little less than she loved her husband, and whose life has been the subject of many biographies. Americans will be especially interested in Montmorency and his wife because, although they kept court in Languedoc, they lived while in Paris at lovely Chantilly, where, although not rivalling the famous Hotel de Rambouillet, they extended their patronage to the arts. It was after Montmorency's execution that Chantilly passed, through his sister, into the possession of the Condés.

Not nearly so interesting, although the material should have made it more so, is "Scotland's Royal Line." The tragic Stuarts have figured much in biography and chronicle of late. The earlier Stuarts are far more interestingly treated in Cook's recent book, "Their Majesties of Scotland," than here. More than half of this book is devoted to the Jacobite uprisings, and there is a good biographical essay on Charles Edward. Controversial material is temperately handled. The style is agreeable.

The Chosen People. By JEROME and JEAN THARAUD, translated by FRANCES WILSON HUARD: Longmans, Green.

THE THARAUDS have written many novels of Jewish life and scene. It is fortunate for readers that they should have chosen to prepare this brief, dramatic history of the Jews from the early Middle Ages to the present. Written in broad sweeping lines, and rather as a series of brilliant pictures than as a continuous chronicle, "The Chosen People" is the best type of popular history. The Tharauds appear to understand the salient qualities of the race which they celebrate, and they write with insight and poetic fervor. Through the specific stories which they tell, these qualities are admirably illustrated. From the Ghetto, heroes unknown to many of us have sprung. There was Maimonides, who, in the thirteenth, greatest of centuries, when the coming Renaissance began to announce itself in men's minds, sought to rid the law of its incrustations of ritual, and whose powerful, impious pencil horrified the Talmudists. From his time on, other brave men arose to combat orthodoxy and amalgamate the ancient faith with the refound philosophy of Greece. Spinoza, himself, was driven from the Ghetto by the fanaticism of the rabbis. "The enthusiasm, the love of the marvellous, the readiness to escape into a dream that are so characteristic of the Jewish soul and yet are so exactly opposed to the centuries of Talmudic education, wrangling, dry and critical spirit" is explained succinctly in the fantastic story of Sabbatai-Zevi, the Seventeenth Century Messiah who aroused the Ghettos of Europe to a frenzy of enthusiasm, signed his messages "The Lord your God," marched to dethrone the Sultan, and, taken captive, embraced Islam rather than suffer death. An interlude on Jewish humor describes Charlie Chaplin as the typical "schlemil."

The last half of the book is devoted to the growth of nationalism among the Jews. Moses Mendelssohn, who lived in the late Eighteenth Century when romanticism flourished and translated the Hebrew Bible into German and who bade his followers be good Jews at home but good Germans abroad, was the great leader of this movement, and "the father of the modern Jew." The final chapters are given to a dispassionate account of Zionism. The translation of the book is admirable as is all Mrs. Huard's work. "The Chosen People" is a thoroughly interesting book.

To Be Published Next Week

Generally Speaking. By G. K. CHESTERTON: Dodd, Mead. Feb. 10.

Coming Country. By SIR F. YOUNGHUSBAND: Dutton. Feb. 8.

You Can't Print That. By GEORGE SELDES: Payson, Clark. Feb. 9.

Charlotte Corday. By MERLE CHER: Appleton. Feb. 8.

Linden Walk Tragedy. By FOXHALL DAINGERFIELD: Appleton. Feb. 10.

Bandaged Face. By ZITA INEZ PONDER: Macaulay. Feb. 9.

Twelve Days. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 8.

This Blind Rose. By HUMBERT WOLFE: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 8.

Mountain Against Mountain. By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 8.

The Life of Charles M. Doughty. By D. G. HOGARTH: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 8.

Sea Coast of Bohemia. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 8.

Souvenir. By FLOYD DELL: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 8.

The Peep Show: By ALICE DUDENEY. Putnam. Published February 1.

"THE PEEP SHOW" is a remarkable book for two reasons: first, because it attempts something entirely new and different; and second, because it is extremely well done. Penelope Wilson has survived a very secluded and unhappy childhood in the care of two domineering old aunts, and has reached the age of forty alone in the world. She attempts to throw off the shackles of restraint they have bound around her, and really live. She determines that she will never grow old. She meets and falls in love with a young man who wants to marry her. He knows nothing about her and will not listen to anything she wants to tell him about herself. Meanwhile, she is unable to rid herself of the feeling that her aunts are still attempting to run her life. She makes her fiancée accompany her to her home town, and while there she faints at something he tells her. From that point on, her life passes in review in reverse order. Her dream begins with the present day and works backward, with all the characters, including the ghosts of her aunts, getting younger every day. It is through the medium of her dream that the reader is informed of an event in her childhood which ties up with the remark that causes her to faint. It is a dramatic story, the dénouement is a genuine surprise and the whole story is refreshingly new and original as well as beautifully and delicately told.

MILTON BYRON.

This Side of Jordan. By ROARK BRADFORD. Harper. Published February 1.

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to go into a study of the negro in literary history. So comparatively recent is the popularity of the American African fictionally that it is doubtful if the time is yet

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ripe for an intelligently comprehensive investigation. More and more frequently we discover this race appearing through the medium of typography and more and more serious and genuine we find the treatment.

From the general to the particular, we turn to Mr. Roark Bradford. There is no doubt that he owns a pair of ears that are sensitively attuned to shadings of accents and the ability to transfer the spoken to the written with accuracy. His negroes are Louisiana negroes, country negroes who live and work on a large cotton plantation. The spirit of his story is, mostly, happy and contented. Life on a Louisiana plantation among its tenants is pictured delightfully, this particular phase of it—the singing, jawing farm-hands. There are, let it be said, many of them. Mr. Bradford's story concerns Didge. Carefree and ignorant (in the accepted sense of the adjective), Didge passes before us from adolescence to womanhood. There is something lyric and beautiful in this change in the black girl as the author has presented it. something even poignant. When a Northern negress appears on the plantation as the fiancée of the educated but sensible, plantation-reared Jack, Didge wins back her sweetheart by remaining the primitive. Here, in a rather melodramatic and colorful scene, Mr. Bradford conveys the vast differences which lie between the Northern and Southern negroes.

The story itself seems unimportant compared to the wealth of sound, color and lore which is presented. It is by no means so rich a book as Julia Peterkin's recent novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary," for instance, but it is a thoroughly real contribution to our growing sectional literature of the negro, and it may be that in this careful collection of data, viewing the negro in the North and South, East and West, we shall some day be able to look upon him, with clear eyes. BEN WASSON.

Books published after January 15 and received too late for detailed review:

England from Wordsworth to Dickens. Edited by R. W. KING: Harcourt, Brace. THIS IS a fourth volume in another of Harcourt, Brace's valuable series; English Life in English Literature, a series under the general editorship of Eileen Power whose "Mediæval People" has given so much pleasure, and A. W. Read. The series presents material drawn entirely from contemporary literary sources, illustrating the social environment in which the great English authors lived and worked. So far, every volume published is not only valuable to students but interesting to general readers. These books should be part of the equipment of English and history class-rooms.

The Founding of Western Civilization. By GEORGE C. SELLERY and A. C. KREY: Harper. THIS IS an interpretation of medieval civilization in terms of its influence on the present-day world. The authors have prepared for the general reader a lucid, vivid and thorough digest of primary and secondary sources of information on the "temper, achievements, successes, failures, prejudices and aspirations of our mediæval ancestors." The book is admirably well balanced and very readable. Taken with its bibliography which makes the mouth water, it is to a passionate medievalist, both a guide and a temptation to further reading. And the casual reader who wants *one* book on the Middle Ages will find this one excellent.

The Netherlands in the World War, Studies in the War History of a Neutral, Vol. IV. A VOLUME devoted to a discussion of Dutch finances during the war by various authorities; and *Russia in the Economic War.* By BARON BORIS NOLDE, both published by the Yale University Press under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

War as an Instrument of National Policy. By JAMES T. SHOTWELL: Harcourt, Brace. Writing both as historian and philosopher, Professor Shotwell has developed in this book an original and profound study of the whole history and nature of war. He was a member of the American Commission at the Paris Peace Conference. His book is authoritative and important.

Letters of the Empress Frederick. Edited by SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY: Macmillan. THIS IS a typical "life and letters," discreet, interesting, sympathetic. The life of Queen Victoria's daughter and the Kaiser's mother covered an important period in history.

A Wayfarer in Austria. By G. E. R. GEDYE: Houghton, Mifflin. A GAY, thorough and useful addition to an excellent series of narrative guide-books.

Andrew Jackson. By DAVID KARSNER: Brentano. THIS IS a spirited biography, well ordered and penetrating. It is unfortunately given a journalistic turn by the persistent use of the present tense.

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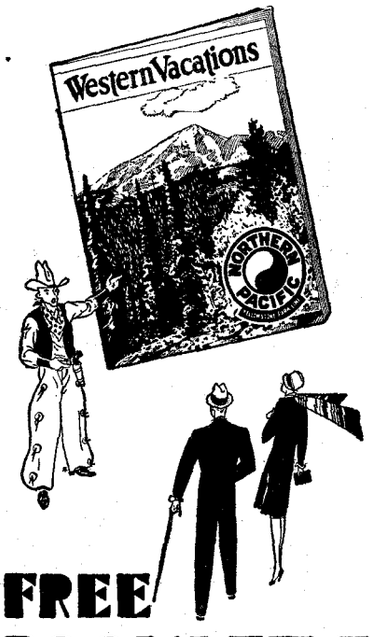

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Lord Dunsany's Seven Modern Comedies Putnam

Seven times in this volume Lord Dunsany draws the magic circle and lights the mysterious powder and mutters the magic words, but only twice does the incantation work. Are the spirits growing weary of being summoned? In the past this enchanter has given them little rest. No one could more quickly and more completely than he produce a fearsome genie from a very ordinary looking bottle. But in only two of these plays does he do the trick: in "Atalanta in Wimbledon," which is about a girl who puts an advertisement in the "Morning Post" to the effect that she will bestow her hand upon whoever can vanquish her at ping-pong, losers to be beheaded; the other about an elderly gentleman who buys from an alchemist the formula for calling up supernatural beings, and who then calls up the Spirit of Laughter, with unfortunate results. These two are the old Dunsany; the rest just don't seem somehow to come off.

Stella Benson's Worlds Within Worlds Harper

This book has nothing in common with the usual travel book dealing with the Far East. You will comb its pages in vain for a statistic, for a Significant Fact, for any of those things which traveling journalists usually seek. Here are only vivid, witty sketches of unimportant things and people—carved cherry stones which will, however, give you a clearer picture of the orchard in which they grew than any detailed description, with maps. Miss Benson is one of our favorite writers, and we don't care who knows it.

Montague Summers's The Vampire Dutton

The orthodox theological bias of the author considerably narrows the scope and value of this inquiry into the vampire legend. If you look for a scientific interpretation, you will not find it here. The following quotation shows his method: "Can the Devil endow a body with these qualities of subtilty, rarification, increase and diminishing, so that it may pass through (closed) doors and windows? I answer that there is no doubt the demon can do this, and to deny the proposition is hardly orthodox. For S. Thomas says . . ." And so on.

The book is nevertheless a storehouse of curious and interesting lore. If there is little attempt to arrange or correlate the facts and beliefs presented, these are interesting in themselves, and the horror lover will find enough premature burials and ghouls and necrophiles and speaking corpses and cannibals and suicides and werewolves and other demons to keep him shuddering for some time.

Stephen Graham's The Lay Confessor Knopf

Mr. Graham unquestionably knows Russia, from tsar to moujik. And Russia, during, as well as before and after the Revolution, forms the background of his story of a sort of unscientific psychoanalyst who though he could confess and cure others, could confess himself to no one. For us, the background was the intelligible and interesting part of the novel. Against it Therese and Nastya and Sasha and Epiphanov act in a sort of phantasmagoric puppet show, in which we understand neither their motives nor their emotions. We cannot identify ourself with them; their triumphs and disasters leave us cold. But the picture of Russia is very convincing.

Cannibal Jack Putnam

Fragments of the autobiography of an adventurer in the South Seas, who wandered up and down among the islands for some fifty years. The exercise book containing an account of various happenings in the years 1843-47 was presented by Cannibal Jack to a missionary who visited the island of Mare in 1889. This gentleman is responsible for the publication. The author's text has been changed in only minor details, with the result that there is a good deal of color to the narrative, but also some obscurity. It is an interesting, if a not very important addition to the literature of adventure.

Francis de Miomandre's Orientale Brentano

This sophisticated story of a middle-class French family is told with great speed and clarity. In the first few pages one finds the inevitably bored wife, but only in France would one expect to find a Chinese Mandarin to make the third corner of the triangle—a triangle with an extra corner thrown in for good measure. It is a delicate dish to set before the already emancipated American woman. So deftly and swiftly told that one gasps at the tragedy of the last page and wonders at the duplicity of these Orientals. Not an important book, but delightfully handled.

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

THE FREEDOM of the press, like several other abstractions of modern invention, is an ideal which it is easier to talk about than to achieve. So long as I can remember, I have listened to all the arguments for and against free speech, and I have heard all the reasons why this and that type of paper is, or is not, in a position to print the whole truth. My own experience has been that the less a paper talks about freedom of speech, the easier it is for its contributors to write freely. The worst form of censorship is that exercised by people who, being idealists, are in possession of the Absolute Truth, and therefore will not permit any one to express opinions contrary to whatever theory or panacea is officially advocated.

Mr. George Seldes, in "You Can't Print That" (Payson and Clarke), has set out to show the handicaps under which the foreign correspondents of American newspapers suffer, now that Europe has been democratized in accordance with the principles enunciated during the Great War. It is a lamentable tale, only equaled by the similar tales that were told before the War, though ascribable to different causes. "In his search for facts," says Mr. Seldes, "the newspaperman on foreign service contends with more censorship, propaganda, intimidation and frequently terrorism in Continental Europe nowadays than in that supposedly dark journalistic age which preceded the world war. Progress has been made in the past ten years, but of all the liberties which were outlawed and debased during the great conflict, that of the press seems to have recovered least."

As a writer whose journalistic activities largely belonged to that "dark" age before the War, I am slightly puzzled by the sinister connotations of that adjective. As I recall it, the chief terrors of that period were two: either one wrote for commercially successful papers and was subjected to the gentle pressure of advertisers; or one wrote for subsidized papers, innocent of advertisers, or defiant of them, and one was subjected to the pressure of the particular propaganda for which the publication in question was subsidized. On the whole, the commercially successful papers were fairer than their more lofty contemporaries, but none of them ever permitted complete freedom of speech, nor dared to tell the whole truth. According to Mr. Seldes, the same conditions still prevail, and he has tried in this book to reveal some of the facts which were suppressed from his dispatches.

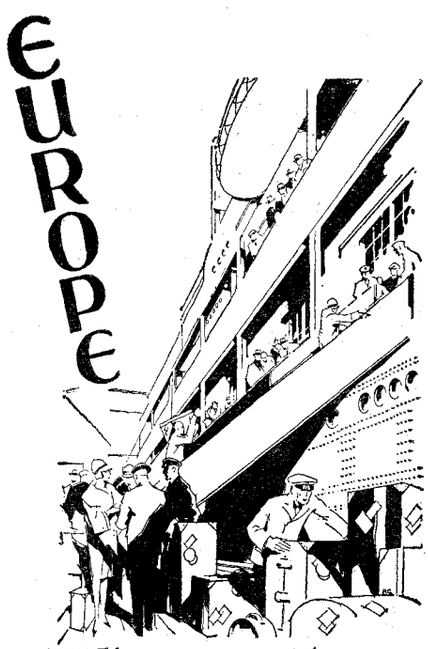
Having read his book carefully, I regret to say that I have not discovered any particular revelation which throws a new light upon any of the countries where Mr. Seldes was stationed. It will not be news to most people, I fancy, that the representatives of the United States in Mexico have been bitterly hostile to the Mexican point of view. We are all aware that Mussolini does not allow the exact facts to be presented when they reflect upon some of the peculiar methods whereby the Fascist millenium is maintained. Nobody imagines that Soviet Russia is any more disposed to permit uncomplimentary comments upon the existing régime than is Free State Ireland, or the United States of America. In other words, governments will be governments.

Perhaps this indicates rather more resentment upon the part of Mr. Seldes than his book actually contains. For the most part, the case he wishes to prove is subordinated to his journalistic instinct of "telling the story." Nor is there any denying that they are good stories, interestingly told, the racy, adventurous incidents which are the high spots of the foreign correspondent's life. Most of them concern events which are familiar, in outline at least.

IT MUST have been exasperating to Mr. Seldes, who is a highly enterprising journalist, to find some of his best "scoops" wasted through the unsympathetic attitude of a censor. He is very indignant at the spinelessness of American diplomats when confronted by the tyrannies of Fascist hooligans, and he thinks that they might do more for American citizens who come into conflict with the embattled hosts of European obscurantism. He believes that the British Government looks after its nationals, and likewise, that Reuter's is more independent of official propaganda than the Havas Agency.

Having worked for some years in the British foreign service, and having observed the relations between Reuter's correspondents and British foreign officials, I confess that I do not share the illusions of Mr. Seldes. The conditions under which foreign representatives are

(Please Turn to Page 235)



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Insanity: Another Legal Fiction

(*Continued from Page 206*)

hibition agent, to strip him of his fortune while he was still in prison.

Witness after witness testified concerning the volcanic effect that any mention of his wife's divorce suit had on Remus. He would, said Richard E. Simmons, counsel for the Ohio and Kentucky Distilling Company, "gesticulate with his hands, perspiration would stand out on his forehead, his voice would rise, his muscles become bound." Still the volume of testimony piled up and the clownish dramatics of the defendant continued. He exploded time after time in the courtroom and once collapsed. He was giving ample evidence of those same "brainstorms" to which his witnesses said he was subject. Here the alienists intruded themselves again. They told the court that the brainstorms were not evidences of insanity, and that they conformed neither to the term "mania," nor to the manifestations of paranoia.

Then came Remus's closing speech. All the artifices of eighteen years of law practice, all the teary forensics of the old wheedler, all the shrewdness of the man himself, went into that plea for life. He solemnly invented for himself a mental disease. He had been suffering, he said, from "transitory manical insanity." It was December 19 when he had finished his exhaustive homily, and then he made a last bow to his intent listeners. With a tender, all-encircling smile, George Remus said to the jury: "I wish you all a Merry Christmas."

The next day, after only nineteen minutes of deliberation, that Cincinnati jury of sturdy Americans gave their common sense judgment: they found Remus not guilty because of insanity. The bootlegger eventually was committed to an insane hospital, but a few months later on appeal to the Ohio Supreme Court he won his freedom as a completely normal person. And as the supreme comment on the jury's verdict, there was this explanation by one member as to why he had voted for Remus's acquittal: "He didn't have any Christmas last year," said the juror soberly, "and we wanted to see him have one this year."

THE Remus case has given courage to thinking individuals. It has outraged them into announcing a private opinion long suppressed by the weight of legal tradition—an opinion, a conviction, that the question of a criminal's sanity should be taken entirely out of the hands of the run-of-mine lay jury.

Automatically, this would dispose of the clash of scientific testimony which so often has shamed presentation of the insanity plea. The word "shamed" is used advisedly, for not even psychiatrists themselves will deny that eminent members of their profession have contributed to the seducing of justice. They had, true, no part in the Remus farce, (he presented no alienists in his own defense), but the Thaw case, the trial of Leopold and Loeb, and any number of others will testify that, when there is money to pay for them, obliging neurologists may be found. There are, of course, occasions when the defense alienist is not called upon or is unable to speak out concerning the criminal's responsibility. He is asked long hypothetical questions based on the testimony of previous witnesses for his side. Honest as the expert may be, his answers perpetrate a fraud as surely as would a falsehood.

ABANDONMENT of the jury system in insanity cases will not be accomplished without a struggle, even though two States have already ventured tentatively in that direction. It may be that, for the time being, we will have to accept measured reforms. But even half-way measures are better than none. If the American jury, say, like the English jury, was allowed to return a verdict of "guilty but insane" the situation in this country would be less desperate. It would, at least, prevent the turning back of depraved men into society to repeat their depredations.

But assuming that the jury hearing can be eliminated, what then will be the machinery? Undoubtedly the real power must lie with impartial commissions of alienists. A memory of the antic Robin case need not deter us. That was an extraordinary circumstance and a mistake was made. There must always be the element of human fallibility in any justice, but there can be no question that a group of men trained to expertness in the very field wherein they are called upon to exercise judgment must reduce the percentage of error to its lowest possible minimum.

There will necessarily be, if our present judiciary system is continued, a compromise with the legal profession. It is jealous of the power of commitment, maintaining the traditional view that only courts should deprive an individual of his liberty. Perhaps constituting a judge as the final authority is wise. He is an automatic check on the alienists. If they disagree, if he is dissatisfied with the accuracy of their findings, let him refer the specific case to still another medical commission. In practice, it will be found that alienists' recommendations will be tantamount to a judicial decision.

The Massachusetts law is undoubtedly the best that has thus far been devised in this country. It has been endorsed by doctors and lawyers together and by the National Crime Commission, and it had worked out so well that those who originally opposed it in Massachusetts are now its strong advocates. The law, passed in 1921, provides for the examination before trial of all individuals who are charged with murder and all individuals who have been previously indicted or convicted of a felony.

The sanity tests are continued as long as is necessary and the results turned over to the court where they are available to the judge and to both defense and State attorneys. There is no compulsion on either side to accept the alienists' report, but in seven years there have been almost no cases where the report failed of acceptance. The very impartiality of the testimony has made it binding. And—this seems to me a vital point—no mad murderer can be released from a State hospital without a pardon from the Governor. Furthermore, that pardon is not forthcoming unless the Department of Mental Diseases has certified to the Governor that the man is sane and no longer a menace to society.

REMEDIES thus far suggested have been premised on the retention of our present judicial system. If the revolutionary proposal of ex-Governor Smith of New York to take the sentencing power out of the hands of judges were accepted, the insanity plea would be automatically disposed of. Mr. Smith's plan, a plan which he admits is still only tentative and not ready for submission to legislatures, would ask juries in all cases to pass on only one question: whether the defendant had committed the illegal acts charged against him. If he were found guilty, the disposition of his case would be no concern of the jury or judge. It would go to a special board of experts, a board made up of legal authorities, penologists and psychiatrists. If he were found insane by the psychiatrists he would automatically be placed in an asylum.

The Smith plan is, of course, the essentially proper solution of the problem of the insanity plea. But it is a plan which, in other respects, still is full of faults and inconsistencies. It eventually will be worked out but the time is not yet.

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Readers and Writers

(*Continued from Page 233*)

permitted by their governments to assist their nationals when in distress are limited. One can only do what one is officially authorized to do, unless one has a lot of private capital and a consuming desire to be a philanthropist. American officials abroad are presumably controlled by the State Department and act according to instructions. If they are not always up to the standard of their European colleagues, it seems to me the remedy lies with the American people. They must, of necessity, be at a certain disadvantage in Europe, where conditions are so very unfamiliar to them. But as for assisting American citizens abroad, I should imagine that American officials do quite as much as the officials of other governments do for their nationals.

I agree with Mr. Seldes that it is a pity that all the facts, disgraceful and otherwise, concerning European political and financial intrigue are not available to the American people. It is, however, a rather disconcerting thought that such papers as do attempt to provide the information suppressed or ignored in the popular newspapers, get very little support from the public they are so anxious to serve. The best guarantee of a small circulation is the determination to tell the whole truth. If the public were as restive as Mr. Seldes in the face of this conspiracy to deceive it, then the circulation figures of the world's press would be very different. I fear that, in common with most journalists who are perturbed by existing conditions in the press, he credits the public with virtues which it does not, except for a negligeable minority, possess.

The average man no more desires to be accurately and honestly informed about European affairs than he wishes to be accurately and honestly informed about his own affairs. The person who really issues the ukase: "you can't print that" is not the wicked censor or the timid newspaper proprietor. In the last analysis, it is the consumer, who gets precisely the amount and the kind of truth which he wants, or can tolerate. If two million readers in this country preferred the ideas and the information provided, say, by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, then the "Nation" would have the same circulation as the "Saturday Evening Post." Mr. Lorimer knows what the public wants. Mr. Villard knows what he thinks it ought to want. It is for the public to decide which of them is right.

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A year or so later, realizing the importance of legal knowledge in business, he enrolled again with LaSalle—this time for home-study training in Law. He set as his goal the Illinois Bar examinations, which he passed successfully in the fall of 1924.

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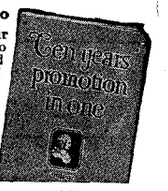

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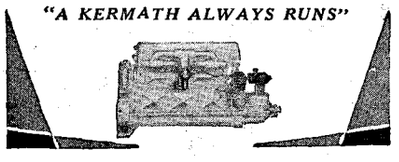

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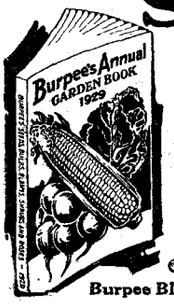

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Props for the Stock Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

WHEN a single month sees the formation of two $100,000,000 investment trusts and one of $50,000,000, it is quite apparent that their popularity has been increasing at even a faster rate during the last year than in the preceding five or six.

As recently as 1925, houses of issue which offered five and ten-million dollar investment trusts to the public were not at all sure that they were not straining the market.

In 1924 there were only six of these organizations operating in the United States. Their capital resources certainly did not total more than a few millions. Today the number has grown to well above three hundred and their resources have probably passed the billion and a half mark.

The three monster corporations formed within such a short period were noteworthy not only for their size but for their sponsorship. The two largest were issued under the auspices of Goldman Sachs & Co. and Blair & Co., and the other by J. & W. Seligman & Co. These are three of the oldest, most conservative and prominent investment houses in Wall Street. The scale on which they are operating is a ready indication of the future which they see for investment trusts.

The most striking feature of the Blair company is the fact that it plans to deal almost exclusively in the securities of oil companies. Outsiders who are keen to know what the "big fellows" think of the market can reason, with justice, that Blair & Co. are bullish on the oils over a period of time. Subscribers to the stock, however, are required to pay only $20 in cash despite the fact that the offering was priced at $34 a share. Because of this stipulation outsiders can reason with equal justification that the Blair financial experts expect that better buying opportunities will offer themselves. When they do, the other $14 per share will be called for.

Of even greater interest than the formation of these companies was the announcement of the organization of the United Corporation as a public utility holding company by J. P. Morgan & Co., Drexel & Co., and Bonbright & Co. This unit is smaller than the other three, but it has two striking aspects. It represents not only the first public entry of the great Morgan firm into the utility field but also the first sponsorship by them of what amounts to nothing more nor less than an investment trust. Its first holdings are limited to a small group of securities but its officers are authorized to do what buying and selling they deem advisable. In other words, purchasers of United Corporation securities get not only the equity behind them but the investment judgment of J. P. Morgan & Co. In view of the startling advances of virtually all the so-called "Morgan stocks" during the recent bull markets, it is not surprising that the common stock, on which a nominal value of $25 had been set, has sold as high as $50 a share.

As this is being written, the financial pages are full of reports of a $100,000,000 company to take over certain holdings of the Van Sweringens. The sale of shares in such an organization, which again is nothing more nor less than an investment trust, might prove mutually beneficial to the Van Sweringens and to the public. It would give the two railroad empire builders cash for new operations and it would give the public a chance to buy the investment counsel of the two brothers. Their judgment on rail securities thus far has been excellent.

ALMOST any Stock Exchange firm with an established reputation and an active personnel finds itself in the happy position of being able to refuse any business that is not thoroughly desirable. Sophisticated speculators who wish to open accounts with new firms start the negotiations rather humbly. In most cases they must assure their brokers that they are of sound moral character and that they are not "pikers."

Stock Exchange houses are growing increasingly jealous of the standing of their clientele and they frequently refuse orders on one pretext or another when they have the feeling that a prospective customer is "not exactly the type of person we care to do business with."

Their cash requirements meantime are growing stiffer and stiffer. Before the war, a twenty-point margin was considered ample in most cases. Only recently several houses announced that they required a minimum margin of thirty per cent on all stocks and as much as forty or fifty per cent on some. To make the shoe-string trader even more unhappy, another sizeable group declared that they would accept orders for no less than twenty-five shares.

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Stiff margin requirements add enormously to the technical strength of the market. They prevent the closing out of many speculators on comparatively minor dips. The benefits of the twenty-five share limit are not so obvious.

Brokerage profits during 1928 were enormous and they have been equally large during the first month of 1929. Many of the enterprising firms have invested a substantial proportion of these earnings in new branch offices, not only all through the medium-sized industrial cities but in the Southern resorts.

Religion? None

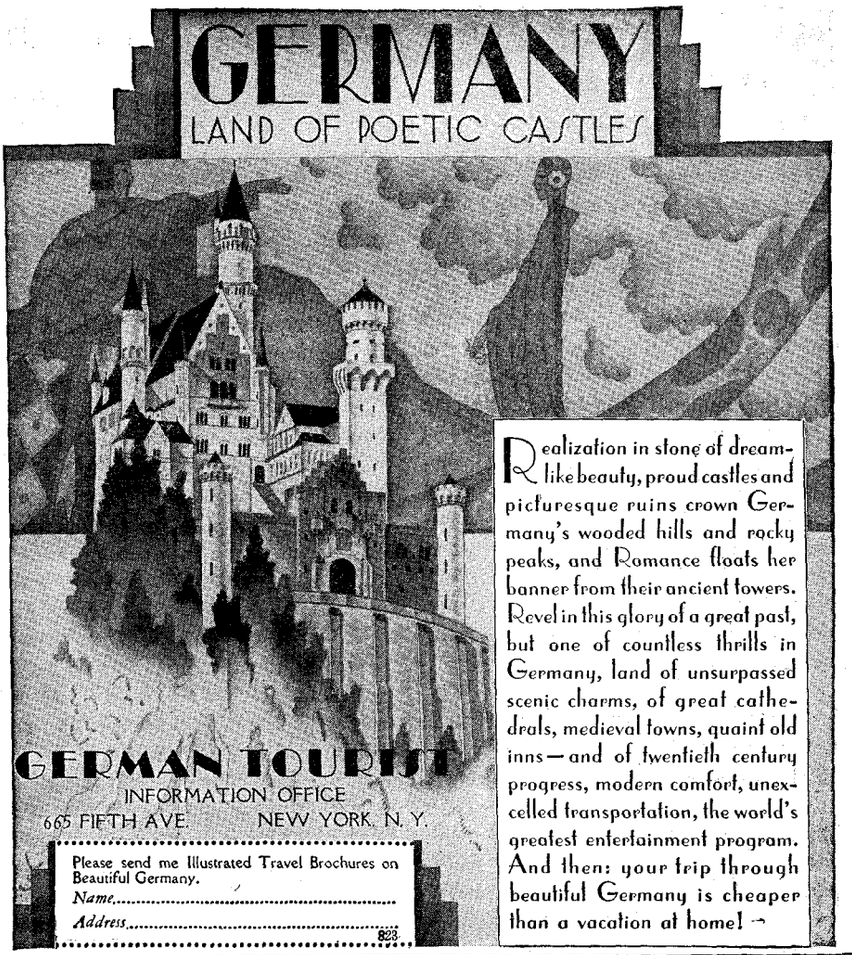
(*Continued from Page 210*)

some one with a preternatural knowledge of human nature, left no loop hole for the timid, equivocating soul.

One Sunday an announcement was made that some one from our society was wanted to conduct a mission school in the Italian district. A call was made for a volunteer. No one responded. I was genuinely astonished. From the tenor of their public prayers and protestations, I had expected that there would be strife to be first. Acting on a sudden impulse, I rose and said I would go. My offer was at once accepted. Indeed it seemed to be snapped up with relief. I can see them all turning in their chairs and looking at me. I had been with them but not of them. I was suspect. I was stigmatized by their phrase "worldly." From their definition of that epithet I suppose I was. They knew that I danced and that I went to the theatre, and, if they assumed that I played cards, I may inform them even at this late date that their assumption was correct, and I may as well add that I also drank beer in the rathskellers. They were likewise right in their belief that my practice of these things separated me from them—but not in the way they thought it did. The truth is that their *belief* that these things were sinful and my *belief* that they were sinless is what really separated us; and their presumption to set themselves up in judgment on me is what alienated me from them.

For two years I worked as Sunday school superintendent in the Italian settlement, on week-day evenings teaching English and simple mathematics to the children's fathers. Aside from the fact that I became attached to the people among whom I worked, I realized that I did this from rather complex motives. The whole question of church and religion had begun to trouble me. I felt that to be honest at

(*Please Turn to Page 238*)



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Religion? None

(*Continued from Page 237*)

all and to be able to live with myself, I must be consistent. I must either give up the outward forms of attending church and church meetings or I must carry out the implications of such attendance. And I was not ready to give up church. Being driven to the wall by this situation, I take no credit for my act. For a long time I was puzzled and disturbed by the knowledge that the leaders of the society had not seized this opportunity for "service." Finally a solution came to me which I still believe to be the correct one. Their meetings were their social life. Shut off from other social outlets, they clung to one which was cloaked with a pious form and assumed for themselves an air of specious piety in so doing. I never again attended a meeting of Christian Endeavor.

TWO OTHER THINGS worthy of note happened in our church while I was still in attendance. It became known that one of the deacons who was a minor partner in a jewelry store committed theft. The facts never became public. I would never have known them had they not been discussed in my presence between my father and Uncle Will. I was greatly shocked. I had always had a fondness for the little man with his worn face and deep-set eyes. It was said that his wife, a rather handsome woman who sang in the choir, was responsible for his ruin by her extravagance in dress. The blame in the matter was in fact laid to the evil example of some of the more wealthy mothers in Israel who had succumbed to the "worldly" lure of fine clothes. This may have been the cause of the poor deacon's downfall for all I know to the contrary, but again it is interesting as being exactly in line with the view of the matter which the people of the church would be *expected* to take. The little deacon came to church a few Sundays after that. Then he came no more. I learned that he was ill, then that he had died. It was all of course too much for him. But it seemed to me that the leaders of the church felt definitely relieved —God had settled the problem for them.

At just about the same time it also developed that our senior deacon, one of the most fervent of all the prayers and speakers, who was also treasurer of what was termed the Benevolent Fund, had defaulted. A shortage had been discovered in the fund. There seemed something especially heinous to me about stealing from the fund destined to relieve the distress of the poor. The deacon was wanting in this world's goods, God knows, and doubtless the temptation to take for himself some of the money in his keeping was strong. I believe he stated that he had "borrowed" it—as has many a man before him and since. In any event, he remained in his deaconate and as treasurer of the fund, and as far as I know holds those offices to this day. From his appearance and that of his troop of pale, pinched progeny, the charge of worldliness could not be brought against him—which I think was a matter of deep regret.

I can well understand that this may seem to be an amazing number of delinquencies to charge against the members of one church, and I am in no way intimating that this proportion should be regarded as an average in other churches. I am only recounting first-hand knowledge of certain events in my own. Such a state of affairs seemed to me to be so different from what one would expect, that I have naturally been seeking in my mind for an explanation. Even now I feel that my conclusions are going to sound far fetched and all that I ask for them is a passing consideration. Our so-called evangelical churches have become more and more centers of social activity. One has only to read the weekly programmes handed out by the ushers at their doors to understand how far this has developed. In developing these activities, while in theory they are supposed to be only means to a spiritual end, the church has made its own all of the devices which the world around it, in its social and commercial life, has brought into being. The church is a school, a lecture forum, a gymnasium, a social club, an amusement park, a lunch room. On the commercial side it has absorbed the "bigger and better" idea which means larger buildings, more lights, greater membership, community prominence and advertising. The spiritual core is so hidden by this rubble and the attendant rabble that it can scarcely be perceived. These things are not in and of themselves antispiritual. They are of harm only as they tend to obliterate the meaning of the church, and in particular the meaning of church membership.

THE CHURCH has become respectable. Membership in a church has become a social asset for people of a certain type and is not without its value in the business world. Moreover, handed down from our fathers, there runs through the American people very sharp fears regarding their destiny beyond the grave. The very terminology in current use bears out this idea. A man who joins the church is immediately billeted as "saved." No real spiritual demands beyond vain repetition are made on him in the act of joining or *after he is in*. He takes his place in a maze of activities which are in no way different from those of social or business life, *except* that these have the added advantage to his fearful soul of bearing the stamp of pious acts, sealed by the church of God on earth as first-class religious matter—in effect, a passport to the pearly gates. Even attending church service is regarded as an act of piety. If above and beyond that he participates in church "activities," more *cum laudes* and seals are attached to the document which he will present to the Almighty. Weak, inately vicious or muddled minds will, under such circumstances, commit deeds they would not dare undertake in their own nakedness, unprotected from the bolts of an angry God. The church which demands but little of the spirit will receive but little of the spirit.

AS AN OUTGROWTH of my work in the Italian settlement, I was made a trustee of a denominational organization, the purpose of which was the promoting and financing of new churches. The methods which were employed in raising money and in conducting these finances, I came in time to regard as definitely dishonest. There was always a deficit. In the inner circle I learned that the *policy* was to create a deficit. Property was acquired and construction undertaken at a cost far in advance of the announced cost at the time the money was raised, with the premeditated intent of later confronting the congregations with a moral obligation in the form of a deficit, in the incurring of which they had no part. When I inquired why a method was employed which would not be countenanced by any secular endeavor, I was informed that it was for the advancement of the Kingdom of God.

Very soon a matter transpired which brought my trusteeship to an abrupt end. Certain individuals among the trustees had gone on a bond for the construction of a church building in a suburban section of the city. Later the policy of the organization changed regarding entering that section, and the church edifice became a white elephant. The bank which had loaned the funds secured a judgment against the men who had signed the bond. Through deaths and a radical change in the circumstances of the other signers, the judgment was only collectible against one man. The bank obtained settlement by seizing the man's house. The organiza-

(*Please Turn to Page 240*)

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

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Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *(Continued)*

Situations Wanted

WELL educated woman wishing to learn the business, wants position in a tea room, kitchen or serving room. T. A. 8843 Outlook and Independent.

A PASADENA teacher desires to act, during the summer, as a travelling companion or companion chaperon to a partly grown girl. Pleasing disposition. 8847 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED woman, undergraduate nurse, desires position attendant or companion for invalid or elderly woman or would care for child, willing to travel. 8846 Outlook and Independent.

NURSERY governess, 7 years in one place, best references, would like position with family going West. Others considered. 8845 Outlook and Independent.

Travel Suggestions

Have you dreamed of lands fringed with blue seas, where Queen Climate holds the golden scepter of sunshine?

Or is it golf courses in perfect setting?

Then, the allure of old Spain in our new land by way of Arizona trails and 'Dude Ranches.

Hawaii Florida Bermuda?

For Next Summer

All of Europe beckons; and Norway and Sweden offer treasure incalculable in historic and magnificent scenic setting.

If it's the Homeland—the National Parks call wonder and awe.

Write us your travel plans We'll help you with itineraries, fascinating literature and all details necessary for preparation.

EVA R. DIXON, Director

The Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

120 East 16th Street

New York City

Religion? None

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tion was not legally liable, but to me the moral obligation was clear and compelling. I was dumbfounded when there appeared to be no move to recognize it. They were engaged in discussing the advancement of the Kingdom of God in another suburb where the founding of a church seemed to give greater promise of success. I rose and suggested that we first wipe out the old debt which had been unjustly thrust on a fellow trustee. I was told sharply that to do so would delay the "Forward Movement"—the slogan under which they were then operating. I immediately resigned.

I happened to be spending a few months in Chicago. I was without occupation, and I volunteered for work with the Associated Charities. It was personal work which placed me in direct contact with those whom we were trying to help. I soon made the acquaintance of a number of my colleagues in the same endeavor. None of us received any pay, and a number of the young men and women engaged in it were doing so at considerable personal sacrifice. One of the men asked me to lunch with him in his apartment, suggesting the following Sunday. "Drop in during the morning," he added. "You don't go to church?" I asked. He smiled. "Why, no." His answer stirred new thoughts in my mind. Upon inquiry I learned that among all these young people who were working with me, *not one ever attended church.*

In 1917 I entered the army. I never returned to my native city. Since 1917 I have never been inside a church.

I understand that the church edifice which was built at home when I was a little boy has lately in its turn been torn down, and a combination building block and church erected on the old site. From the literature I have received, I learn that this hybrid institution was launched under the auspices of a "New Forward Movement" and that it is imperiled by a lusty deficit. I feel that I could never go into it. Even the golden oak pews, the palms, and the painted Jordan which might have brought to me pleasant, solemn memories of former times have been swept away. There is nothing for me anywhere in the world of that emotional content of loved familiar edifice and ritual wherein the Episcopal Church is so rich and the Catholic Church even richer. Long, long ago they took my stars away and what little they left is now gone.

In the city in which I am living I have made new friends—honest people, honorable people, people with decent impulses and behavior. But I can count on the fingers of one hand those who ever even think of going to church though *all* went to church in their youth—and those few are either Catholics or Episcopalians. Looking back on my life, I cannot see that those who attend church are *in any way any better* or *different in any respect* from those who do not. It seems to me that the burden is distinctly on the church to make us aware of that much declared difference, and that this the church has *utterly failed* to do.

What are my religious beliefs today? What is the state of my religious life? It is difficult to define. I only know that it would be very painful for me to attend a church service—not because the music might be poor, not because the preaching might be of an inferior order—I wish to God those *were* the reasons. I cannot go because I know that I could not accept the promises which the preacher would set forth and the conclusions which he would draw. What little agreeable imagination there is left to me would fall to the ground. And I avoid the sight of a heap of rubbish.

Have I anything left? Yes, I think so. I am not antireligious. Indeed, I think about it all so seriously, that at times I am impelled to consider myself a very religious person. But I am bitterly anti-ecclesiastical, and for that I see no remedy. Though I think I would welcome one, I am convinced of the futility of seeking it. I have a strong faith in the efficacy of the gathering of two or three together; but when these two or three become a hundred something untoward has happened, and when they become thousands it is ruin. Of that I am convinced.

A few months ago, I reported for admission to a hospital. It was during the closing weeks of the Presidential campaign. I was asked the usual question, "Religion please?" Religion in the hospital sense means, Catholic or Protestant. The word "Protestant" came to my lips as a matter of course; then suddenly I thought of the rôle a vast number of Protestant churches had played in the recent political struggle. "None," I said.

Yes, there is something else I have left. A year or two ago, I was walking with a friend in a foreign city. It was evening and we passed a little building that was brightly lighted. Through an open window came to us the words of an English hymn. "Hideous, isn't it?" said my friend. "No," I answered sharply. I was thinking of the stars and of my father and mother.

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